



THE STUDENT'S PEN

JUNE
1929

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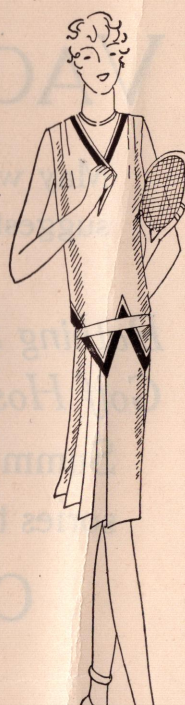
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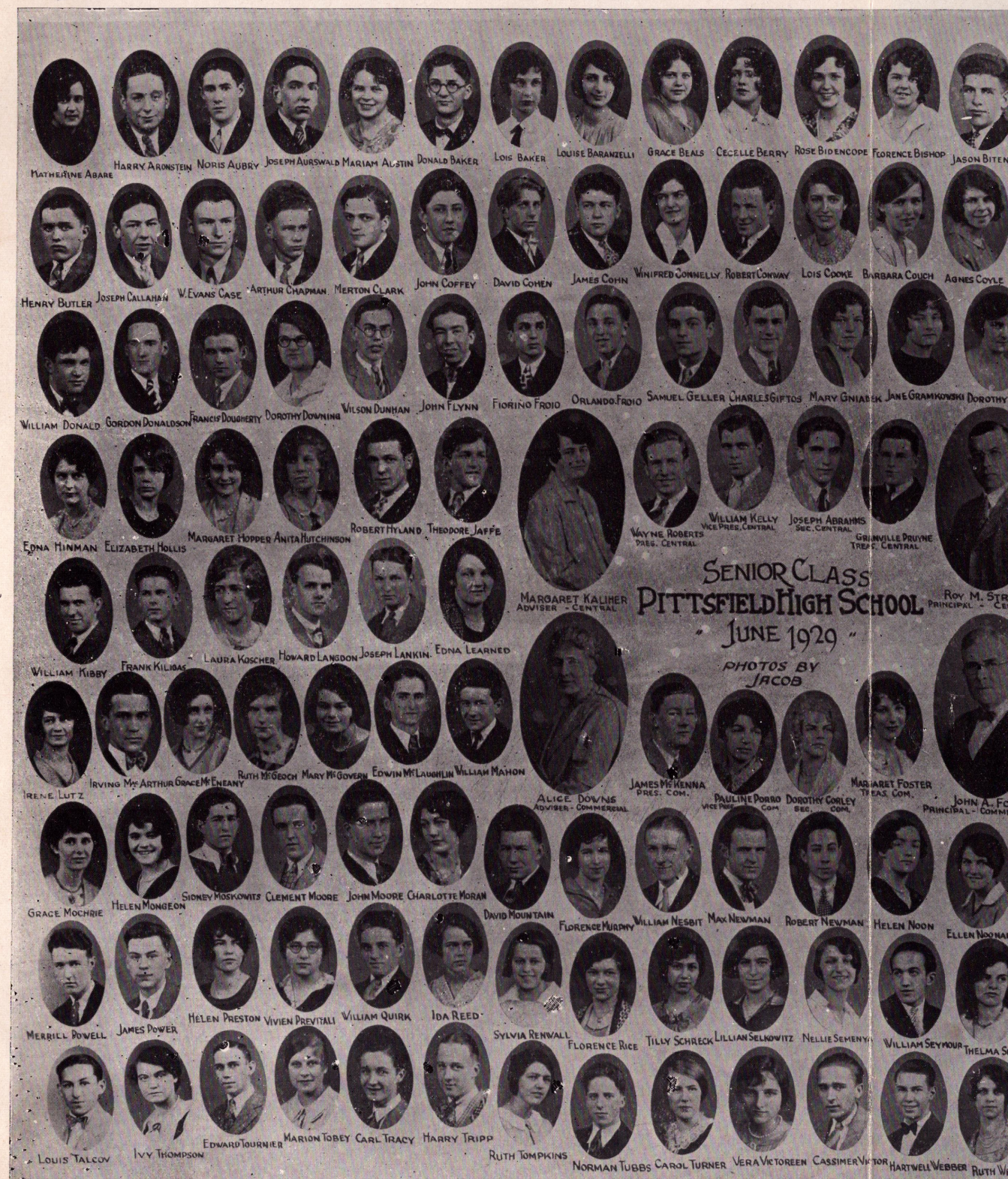
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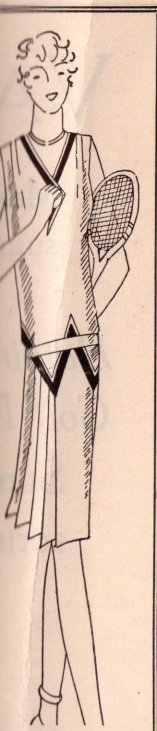


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SENIOR CLASS
PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
"JUNE 1929"
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EDNA MINNMAN ELIZABETH HOLLS MARGARET HOPPER ANITA HUTCHINSON ROBERT HYLAND THEODORE JAFFE WAYNE ROBERTS VICE PRES. CENTRAL JOSEPH ABRAMS SEC. CENTRAL GRIMMIE DRYNIE TREAS. CENTRAL ROSE JAFFE EMMA JONES IDA KAPLAN PEARL KAPLAN ALFRED KASSIMER MARIETTA KEEGAN

WILLIAM KIBBY FRANK KILIAS LAURA KOSCHER HOWARD LANGDON JOSEPH LANKIN EDNA LEARNED MARGARET KALIMER ADVISER - CENTRAL ROY M. STROUT PRINCIPAL - CENTRAL DONALD LEE KATHRYN LENNON MAE LINDSEY DOROTHY LONCHECK EVALD LOVGREN FLORENCE LUSIGNAN

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MERRILL POWELL JAMES POWER HELEN PRESTON VIVIEN PREVITALI WILLIAM QUIRK IDA REED SYLVIA RENWALL FLORENCE RICE TILLY SCHRECK LILLIAN SELKOWITZ NELLIE SEMENOV WILLIAM SEYMOUR THERMA SIGNOR ANNA SIMON MARGARET SIMPSON HARRY SMITH WINIFRED SMITH ESTHER SNOW RAYMOND SPIER RAYMOND SULLIVAN

LOUIS TALCOV IVY THOMPSON EDWARD TOURNIER MARION TOBEY CARL TRACY HARRY TRIPP RUTH TOMPKINS NORMAN TUBBS CAROL TURNER VERA VIKTOREEN CASSIMER VIKTOR HARTWELL WEBBER RUTH WESLEY PAUL WETSTEIN ELEANORE WHITE GLADYS WHITE SAMUEL WOOD BLANCHE WRIGHT WILLIAM WRIGHT NICHOLAS ZARVIS

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XIV

JUNE, 1929

No. 8

BOARD OF EDITORS

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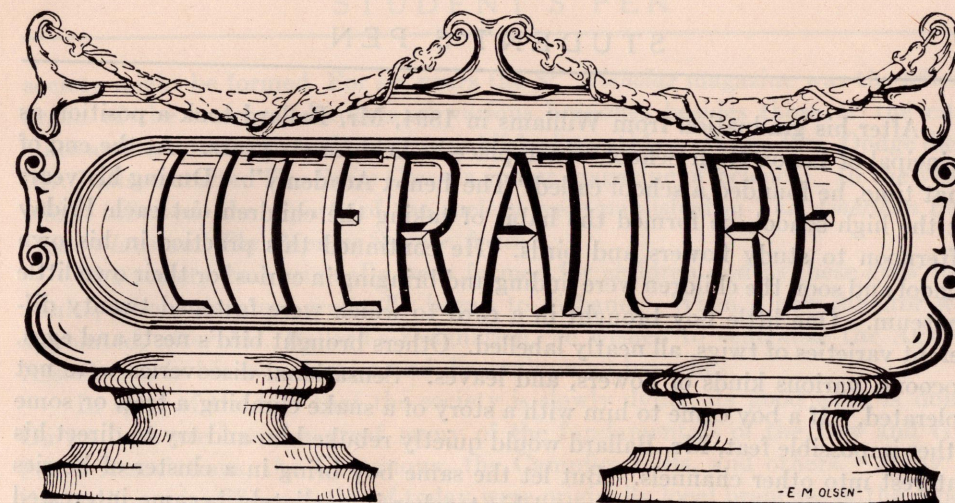
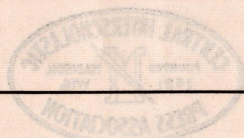
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*We, the June class of 1929
dedicate this, our Commencement issue of
The Student's Pen
to our ever faithful friend and adviser
Miss Margaret Kaliher*



Harlan H. Ballard
Maplewood Prize Essay

BACK in the nineteenth century, in the peaceful hamlet of Williamstown, there lived a little boy. He was a perfectly normal little boy, bubbling over with the usual amount of mischief and fun. He possessed a lively interest, probably inherited from his naturalist mother, in the simple things of nature. He loved the flowers and the birds, and many a pleasant afternoon found him roaming thru the woods seeking birds' nests. His room at home boasted a large collection of beautiful eggs. His father's rule was, "One egg from a nest," and in those days Dad's word was law.

One sunny afternoon he came upon a particularly fine specimen and was trudging home, with it carefully cupped in the hollow of his hand when the Deacon came by in his buggy. The day was hot and the lad welcomed the invitation to ride. But, fearful lest the Deacon might disapprove of his action and read him a long lecture on robbing birds' nests, he kept the hand which held the egg carefully hidden from his companion's view. His ruse did not succeed, however, and the dreaded question came, "What have you in your hand?" Reluctantly, he showed the egg and then waited for the expected lecture. For a moment the Deacon was silent, then, to the infinite surprise and delight of the boy, said reverently, "Isn't it wonderful that God put such beautiful things even way out here?"

The years came and went, and Harlan Ballard grew from a little boy into a big boy, until finally the time for his graduation from high school rolled around, bringing with it the inevitable commencement essay. Just as every graduation student since time immemorial has done, so Harlan worried and wondered and wondered and worried, "What to choose for a subject." Since he had continued his study of the birds and the flowers, his father's suggestion that he write concerning the things he knew and loved rather than on a subject which would require a great deal of research work, was only natural. Thus it happened that his fondness for the beauties of nature inspired the idea for his commencement essay and incidentally was the seed from which a world wide scientific society was to grow.

After his graduation from Williams in 1894, Mr. Ballard took a position as principal of Lenox High School, which place he held for six years. At the end of that time, he founded a school called "The Lenox Academy". During his years at the high school, he formed the habit of taking the children out each Friday afternoon to study flowers and birds. He continued this practice in his own school and soon the children were finding and bringing in curios for their own little museum. One little boy brought in a card to which were fastened twenty different varieties of twigs, all neatly labelled. Others brought bird's nests and eggs, cocoons, various kinds of flowers, and leaves. Sensational discoveries were not tolerated. If a boy came to him with a story of a snake climbing a tree, or some other impossible feat, Mr. Ballard would quietly rebuke him and try to direct his interest into other channels. But let the same boy bring in a cluster of berries from the trailing arbutus plant, and his teacher immediately became interested and eager to find out more concerning this rare berry, which really was found in Lenox by one of Mr. Ballard's pupils. This little society was called "The Lenox Academy Scientific Society."

Not long after the formation of the club, the state inspector of schools, George Walton, by name, made his periodical visit. It happened that a short time before a boy had brought in seventy of what he called "pea pods" which were spread out on Mr. Ballard's desk. Suddenly, while Mr. Walton was visiting the mathematics class, one of the "pea pods" moved. Picking it up, Mr. Ballard placed it in the interested inspector's hand. It moved again and finally broke at one end. From the hole came two long feelers followed by a pair of bright, beady eyes, until at last a beautiful moth emerged and settled itself on the finger of the astonished inspector. Soon its wings, which had been drooping like wet tissue paper, began to stiffen until they finally attained their full six inch spread and bore the moth away. The inspector was much interested in the story of the society and before he left had extracted a promise from its founder to fill a satchel with things from the little museum and bring them to a Teachers' Convention to be held at Sheffield. The end of the meeting found representatives from fifteen or twenty schools gathered about Mr. Ballard begging to be allowed to form branch societies with him as general director. The organization now became "The Berkshire School Scientific Society."

Passing thru New York some time later, Mr. Ballard went to call on Mrs. Dodge, then editor of the *St. Nicholas* magazine. He asked her if he might use a page or two of her magazine to write up some of the discoveries of the society and to extend an invitation to all schools to form branch societies. The first article appeared in 1876, in the November issue of the magazine. Many schools responded to the invitation, and before Mr. Ballard resigned his position after thirty-five years as director, there were twelve hundred local branches and forty thousand members. These branch societies extended over every state in the Union, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Japan, Russia, South America, and South Africa.

By this time the name had been changed to "The Agassiz Association," named for Professor Agassiz, the Swiss naturalist who had gained such fame all over the world, and, shortly before he died, had expressed a desire that just such a

society might be formed. For six years the *St. Nicholas* magazine was the official organ of the society. Reports of various branches besides those of the city, state and national conventions were published monthly. When Mrs. Dodge died, Mr. Ballard started *The Swiss Cross*, a junior magazine of Science. In the years which followed, the reports of the society were published in *The American Boy*, *Santa Claus* and *The Popular Science News*.

The society had originally been formed for children and as these grew into adults, whole chapters gradually began to disband. When a new director was appointed, after Mr. Ballard's resignation, he wished to centralize the Agassiz Association in his own district and discontinue all branches.

In spite of the fact that the society is slowly dying, its good work is done. On its lines are based a great many of the fundamentals of the Boy and Girl Scout Associations, the Chatauqua, the Campfire Girls, and others. Many of the leading scientific societies of today were originally local branches of the Agassiz Association. Prominent naturalists are products of the same branches all of which sprang from the desire of one man to have his pupils understand and love nature.

During his years as director of the association, Mr. Ballard became custodian of the Berkshire Athenaeum, which position he has held successfully for forty-one years. Aside from his connection with the library and the Agassiz Association, he is a student of the classics and has published a translation of the "Aeneid", which has gained fame for him all over the Union. This country owes much to Harlan H. Ballard, and Pittsfield may well be proved to claim him as one of her great men.

Elizabeth S. Pierce



Class Song June 1929

(Tune: "Into the Dusk")

Days have swiftly passed—
Years have followed fast;
The time draws nigh when we all must part
From friends both tried and true.
We think of the hours together spent
And what those friendships meant—
Tho we must leave dear P. H. S.
We sing, in parting, to you—
In our thoughts and our dreams we'll ne'er forget
Your guiding inspiration—
We will keep in our hearts just a sweet memory
Of the dear days that used to be.

M. E. L.



Graduation Program

Colonial Theatre, June 25, 1929, 8.00 P. M.

Music
Class March
"America, the Beautiful"
Graduation Address
Dr. Roscoe W. Thatcher, President Massachusetts State College
Music
Award of Prizes and Pro-Merito Appointments
Louis J. Smith, Chairman School Committee
Award of Diplomas
Class Song
Music
High School Orchestra
The Class
High School Orchestra

Scholarship Honors

First Honor: Joseph Gramkowski Lankin, Jr.

Second Honor: Marietta Keegan

PRO-MERITO

Winifred Catherine Connelly	Edna Maud Learned
Lois Maria Cooke	Kathryn H. Lennox
Ellen Rhoda Davis	Ralph B. Millington
Hugh Gordon Donaldson	Marion Grace Mochrie
Jane Frances Gramkowski	John Frederic Moore, II
Margaret Patricia Hamilton	Pauline Zita Porro
Eileen Mary Healey	James Walter Power
Margaret Theresa Hopper	Vivian Josephine Previtali
Isadore Theodore Jaffe	Sylvia Renwall
Emma Josephine Jones	Carol O. Turner
Marietta Keegan	Hartwell Keene Webber
Joseph Gramkowski Lankin, Jr.	Paul Richard Wetstein, Jr.

Gold Medal Awards for Accuracy and Speed in Typewriting

Eileen Mary Healey
Emma Josephine Jones
Dorothy Florence Lonchek
Mary Agnes McGovern
Helen Cecile Mongeon

SPECIAL AWARDS

Maplewood Institute Prize Essay

Elizabeth S. Pierce

Washington-Franklin Medal for Excellence in American History

John Frederic Moore

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for Excellence in

Mathematics and Science

Hugh Gordon Donaldson

Class Day Program June 24, 1929

The student body enters. Music by school orchestra.

Hartwell Webber is a late comer, arriving on a pair of roller skates and playing his accordion.

Guards enter bearing the Class Mascot, Iggy, Jr.

Introductory Remarks	Chairman, Wayne Roberts
Class History	Joseph Abrahms
Vocal Solo	James Cohen, accompanied at piano by Paul Wetstein
Address to the Athletes	Lois Cooke
Class Will	Robert Newman
Class Statistics	Paul Wetstein
Accordion Solo	Hartwell Webber
Address to the Janitor	John Moore
Class Prophecy	Vera Victoreen
Musical Selections	Hartwell Webber, Ralph Millington
Address to Undergraduates	Edwin McLaughlin
Address to the Faculty	William Quirk
Presentation of Gift to the School	Wayne Roberts
Class Song	Senior A Class

Class Day Committee: Robert Newman, John Moore, William Quirk, and Ted Jaffe.

Class History

A DEEP, ringing sound that came from one of the church towers of Pittsfield on that historic day September 7, 1926, announced that the time was eight o'clock in the morning. A few moments later, more than two hundred bright young specimens of manhood and womanhood departed gayly on their way for that renowned place called Pittsfield High School. This glorious, old structure waited eagerly for the new arrivals, for many rumors had reached it that the young hopefuls would be a most agreeable surprise. Surprise does not half express the sentiment that soon pervaded the school. Amazement, dumbfounding amazement, describes the situation more accurately. Even the seniors, always modest, agreed that we were the most intelligent class of sophomores they had ever seen.

Upon arriving at the stately building, we assembled in a large, beautifully decorated auditorium. The principal, a benevolent-looking man, gave us many instructions, although we felt that he needn't have wasted his time in this fashion on such a distinguished class. We settled down to our work, and soon the whole city was ringing with our praises. Gradually, we grew to know and like our teachers as no other class had ever known and liked them before. We were a bit upset at first by such undignified names as "Pop" Goodwin, "Ma" Bennett, "Doc" Russell, "Barney" Rudman, and "Hank" Lucy. Nevertheless, we adapted ourselves to the situation in a most wondrous manner.

Time passed on lightninglike feet, and 'ere we knew it, we were Junior B's, a circumstance which affected our levelheadedness not the least. It was at this juncture that our first class meeting was held. William Nesbit, a handsome, young blonde, was chosen as president. Edwin McLaughlin, a talkative youth

was made vice-president, while Margaret McClaren, a demure, little lass, was entrusted with the moneys of the class. Wayne Roberts, whose penmanship was just a bit more legible than that of the other students, became the secretary. Miss Margaret Kaliher, a teacher young in years but old in wisdom, was given the task of guiding the new juniors through their many trials. A tax of 35c per month produced excellent results. Everyone always paid his tax promptly without any fuss, and soon we were wealthy.

Then suddenly, like a bolt out of the blue, there was an accident. We were Junior A's! Naturally elections followed. The whole school sat breathless, awaiting the results. Wayne Roberts was such a failure as secretary that the class elected him president. Roger Nicholls, youthful mathematician, became vice-president, while the responsibility of the finances was vested in Granville Pruyne. Joseph Abrahms, one of the best students that ever attended this high school, was chosen secretary. As juniors we looked forward anxiously to the coming prom. At last, the time for preparations arrived. Such hustling and bustling! It was at this time that the two sections, Commercial and Central, first came into contact. Closer harmony never before existed between two such classes. The great night was at hand; the orchestra struck up a lively air, and soon the floor was crowded with dancers. Three hours elapsed; a tired, but happy prom committee gazed at the now empty hall. That prom, although not a financial success was a huge success socially. Then summer separated us from our beloved school.

In the fall, we returned to be mighty Senior B's. Wayne Roberts, the red-headed terror, was reelected president. Dave Mountain, who is so energetic that he writes his name in the abbreviated form MT., became vice-president "Granny" Pruyne, due to his thrifty ways remained treasurer, while Joseph Abrahms again condescended to occupy the position of secretary. Months passed until finally January arrived. It has always been the custom, and a truly honorable one, for the Senior B's to decorate the auditorium for the graduating Senior A's. This, we did in a breathtaking manner. The ordinarily beautiful auditorium was transformed into a bower of green foliage, white flowers, gay streamers, and banners. It was a sight never to be forgotten, a tribute to the taste and skill of the class of '29.

Then, with the Senior A's gone, we took their places. Wayne Roberts was again elected president; "Bill" Kelly became the president's vice; "Granny" Pruyne, would-be aviator, received all moneys; the honorable, oh most honorable, Joseph Abrahms took charge of the secretarial work. Again a busy hum pervaded the school. We were preparing for our play. And what a play it was! The results were pleasing in every way. Immediately following the play, the seniors prepared for graduation. And so, undergraduates, we are here today. But tomorrow, today will be yesterday, and since every yesterday is history, then today, being yesterday tomorrow, is history. Our history, so prolonged, is nearing its end. Undergraduates, may your school days be as happy as ours have been.

Joseph Abrahms

Address to the Athletes

IN this June class of '29 we have real athletes—both boys and girls. We have athletes representing the sports played for every season: fleet-footed, square-hitting boys and girls for baseball who have helped to produce champion teams; track members, and strong, hard fighting football players; basketball men who have played long and strenuously for their school; and each in his own line of sport has played the game and played it well.

The athlete's ears are not continually ringing to words of praise and honor. There are hard knocks and jeers and unkind words spoken when he is tired out but is doing the best he can. It is not much fun going home weary to sit down to study. But these hardships have made our athletes what they are today.

Athletics have developed something in them that is sure to stay, good qualities such as strength, skill, perseverance, clean play, dependability and honesty. Good, clean, fair coaches produce good, clean players, and the June class of '29 has had them both.

Our athletes do not play for honor and praise, but for their school and the good that it does them. Our boys and girls are true sports, willing to take defeat with a smile. They have grown to be strong and hardy by the exercise, clean and honest by their playing. Our June class of '29 has athletes who have all the qualities true sportsmen should have, and we shall always think of them as the banner athletes of Pittsfield High School.

Here's luck, O, royal sportsmen,
May time be long defied
By careful seat and cunning hand
And health and heart to ride.
And when the direful day be come,
That surely shall befall,
We'll know you're still unbeaten,
That you'll still hear victory's call.

Lois Cooke

Last Will and Testament of the Class of June 1929

WE, THE CLASS OF JUNE 1929, being of sound body and reasonably sane mind, of marked scholastic ability and exceptional literary talent, athletic prowess, and rare brilliance of intellect, apprehending the fact that our joint, common, mutual, and collective end, consummation, dissolution, and termination is nigh, do hereby, hereto, hereinafter, heretofore, and hereupon publish, assert, affirm, and declare that the following is our last and only Will and Testament, and Disposition of all our worldly goods, property, effects, and possessions, both personal and communal, hereby making null and void and as of no effect, any Will or Testament by us made at any time heretofore and prior to this date.

Item: To Mr. Strout, our sincere appreciation of his wise and kindly leadership during our years as students of the Pittsfield High School; a guidance which has manifested itself in so many ways that enumeration of them all is impossible.

Item: To the Faculty, our deepest gratitude for the Herculean efforts exercised by them in our behalf during the past three years.

Item: To our class adviser, Miss Kaliher, our heartfelt thanks for her invaluable assistance to us in our various class activities.

Item: To Milon J. Herrick, Lord High Overseer of Alpha Chapter of Delta Theta Omega, the loyal brotherhood of indigent seniors bequeaths outright its beloved mascot, IGGY JR., with the sole provision that his new owner lavish upon him all the care and affection which is his due, and to which he has been accustomed under the loving and paternal care of Past Imperial Beastkeeper Clement Moore.

Item: To Mr. Goodwin, the privilege of entertaining his next Senior A Vergil class with his fascinating fortnightly quizzes.

Item: To the school at large, Norm Tubbs leaves his beloved brother, Orrington, in the hope that under its guidance he may some day become as great a man as his elder brother.

Item: To good old Publius Vergilius Maro, a bucket, hose, and pump, with the help of which he may be able to put his copious tears to some useful purpose.

Item: Vera Victoreen leaves to George Kenyon, her successor as Editor of the *Student's Pen*, a forty gallon wastebasket for the disposition of rejected material.

Item: To Coach John T. Carmody, the Adonis of the Berkshire Hills and Uncle Sam's handsomest boy, a monkey-wrench with which to wind his new watch with a minimum of wrist strain.

Item: To Mr. Allan we leave the privilege of coaching a future Daniel Webster for that revered annual institution, the Berkshire Oratorical Contest.

Item: To the Sophomores—Peace.

Item: To the Senior B's, the privilege which we have so ably exercised of making the Sophomores at home in their strange surroundings.

Item: To the next inhabitants of Room 11, the opportunity of amusing Mr. Herrick with their quaint antics during sleep, or study periods.

Item: H. Klondike Webber leaves to the worthy Eugene Dorfman, Esq. '31, his beautiful cast steel roller skates, equipped with Gabriel Snubbers and Air Brakes, with the hope that with their assistance the above mentioned Eugene Dorfman, Esq. '31 may be able to get to school on time.

Item: R. G. Newman leaves to some hungry student the two ossified doughnuts and the bag of superannuated moth-balls which were placed in his desk at the beginning of the year.

Item: To occupants of loose seats and possessors of decrepit desks, the class leaves a bag of slightly used screws for the repair of same.

Item: To some worthy and honest Senior B, the franchise for vending indigestible pastry to the famished occupants of Room 11.

Item: To Principal Strout, the exhilarating information that there are no more of the Wood family coming in to P. H. S. for the time being.

Item: To Herr Dr. Russell, one pound of best quality plaster of Paris, along with a treatise entitled: "Plastering for the Beginner."

Item: To Art Sturgis, Paul Wetstein leaves the storm doors and a bearskin laprobe.

Item: Helen Preston bequeaths to the next occupant of her desk the following aids to female pulchritude, which will be found within said desk: one mirror, one powderpuff, one comb, and one combination nail-file and electric curling iron.

Item: To the four students of the most outstanding journalistic ability, the editors of the following papers leave their periodicals and all debts accrued by them: *The Chanticleer*, *The Daily Howl*, *The Weekly Grievance*, and *The Laboring-man's Weekly Advocate and Complainer*.

Item: Carl Tracy, editor of the *Nite Club Review*, leaves his publication to that student who shall receive the mark of A1— in United States History.

Item: To the Auditorium, a coat of canary-yellow paint to relieve this horrible salmon-hued monotony.

Item: To Mrs. Bennett, the right to say: "Even a Senior should be able to understand that."

Item: To anybody who wants them, we leave Caesar, Cicero, Vergil, Burke, Macaulay, Boswell, Shakespeare, Prosper Merimee, and all other unpleasant and irritating personages of their ilk.

Signed and sealed this twenty-fourth day of June, 1929, in the presence of three irresponsible and incompetent witnesses, by Moore, Dunham, and Newman, Attorneys and Councillors at Law.

Attest:

Major Amos J. Hoople, U. S. Army (Retired)

Felix the Cat

Uncle Wiggly

Iggy, Jr.

Class Statistics

Prettiest Girl	Anita Hutchinson
Handsomest Boy	Robert Hyland
Cutest Girl	Helen Preston
Cutest Boy	William Quirk
Most Popular Girl	Marietta Keegan
Most Popular Boy	Wayne Roberts
Best All Around Girl	Winifred Connelly
Best All Around Boy	Wayne Roberts
Most Businesslike Girl	Vera Victoreen
Most Businesslike Boy	Wayne Roberts
Best Natured Girl	Vera Victoreen
Best Natured Boy	Samuel Wood
Best Girl Dancer	Anita Hutchinson
Best Boy Dancer	Robert Hyland
Wittiest Girl	Florence Bishop
Wittiest Boy	Samuel Wood
Cleverest Girl	Vera Victoreen
Cleverest Boy	Joseph Lankin
Model Girl Student	Marietta Keegan
Model Boy Student	Joseph Lankin
Most Carefree Girl	Barbara Couch
Most Carefree Boy	Samuel Wood
Quietest Girl	Ellen Noonan
Quietest Boy	Robert Pearson

Tallest Girl	Grace Mochrie
Tallest Boy	Justin Ferry
Shortest Girl	Helen Preston
Shortest Boy	Orlando Froio
Class Sheba	Florence Lusignan
Class Shiek	William Nesbit
Class Pest	James Cohn
Class Poet	Vera Victoreen
Class Artist	Helen Bump
Class Baby	Robert Newman
Class Bluff	James Cohn
Class Musician	Hartwell Webber
Class Athlete (girl)	Edna Learned
Class Athlete (boy)	William Kelly
Class Orator	Edwin McLaughlin
Class Chatter Box	Elizabeth Hollis
Class Giggler	Florence Bishop
Class Fashion Plate	Anita Hutchinson
Class Actress	Marietta Keegan
Class Actor	William Nesbit
Class Mascot	Iggy, Jr.
Class Motto	Ignorance is Bliss
Most Popular Woman Teacher	Miss Kaliher
Most Popular Man Teacher	Mr. Herrick
Favorite Movie Actress	Joan Crawford
Favorite Movie Actor	"Buddy" Rodgers
Favorite Pastime	Driving home with the milk man
Favorite Tooth Paste	Ipana
Favorite Drink	Gin-gerale
Favorite Home Room	Room 11
Favorite Food	Pretzels
Favorite Expression	Whoopee!
Most Popular Paper	"The Daily Howl"
Most Popular Subject	Study Period
Most Popular Fraternity	Delta Theta Omega

Address to the Janitor

WHILE we are making the air heavy with shouts of joy and exultation at the thought of receiving a ticket out of high school, I should like to have you pause a moment in your hour of joy to think for a moment of that unsung hero, our janitor. He it is who labors night and day to invent means to prevent this building from falling upon our heads, which have been being so well filled during these last three years. The old way, that is propping up the sides of the building with slats has proved inefficient, as witness the downpour of plaster in the chemistry laboratory. Glass is beginning to fall unaided from the window. At this very moment our janitor is working on a new idea to make the building stay up a few weeks longer. He is going to magnetize the iron plates on the stairways, thereby making a frame for the rest of the building to rest on.

Our class wishes to take this occasion to render its thanks to him for the many invaluable services he has rendered to us. They are too numerous to relate, but few of the more outstanding may be interesting. As a junior class, we were saved from a test in algebra by the timely arrival of our friend on the scene. Mr. Rudman was about to pass out the paper on which we were to put our thoughts and opinions, plus a few guesses, concerning the mysteries of logarithms. The door opened and in came the janitor to see how things were going. Mr. Rudman remarked that he thought that the room was too hot for efficient work on the part of the students. Whereupon the janitor replied that from exhaustive research on the matter, he knew that the room was at exactly the right temperature. Mr. Rudman then questioned the janitor's knowledge on such matters, and so the battle began. The argument lasted so long that logarithms are still more or less of a mystery to us. On another occasion, Mrs. Bennett was about to launch into a speech on the degeneration of modern history students. She had just begun when in popped the janitor to secure the contents of the wastebasket. Mrs. Bennett then asked him why he had erased an outline from her board which she had marked "reserve." The janitor roundly asserted in no uncertain terms that never in his life had he erased anything marked "reserve." Evidence was presented for both sides of the case, but no conclusion was reached and the argument is still going on in the janitor's spare moments. As a result, we are still to hear the speech started on that fateful day. For his services in this capacity the janitor has been rewarded with the Distinguished Service Cross of Delta Theta Omega. In addition to the above, our friend has favored us by permeating the floors of the school at times with an odor so penetrating that teachers were rendered unable to conduct any work of a serious nature. He has also made it possible for us to carry our chairs and desks along with us to various classes if we so desire. We wish to assure him that when he finds his screw-driver again, Room 11 will need attention. In the meantime we are enjoying the luxury of rocking chairs.

We trust that the janitor holds us in the same high esteem that we hold him. In spite of Sam Wood's actions in the laboratory, which must have been a source of anxiety to all within a radius of a mile, we believe that as a whole we part friends. We leave with you the shining example that we have set and trust that you will carry on the spirit of friendly relations that we have established with our janitor. This is essential to your health, for remember it is the janitor that keeps the building together.

J. F. Moore

The Class Prophecy

ONE day in the year of our Lord 1945, I happened to be wandering through that delightful old New England town that runs under the appellation of Cheshire. The name had a vaguely familiar ring, although I could not exactly place it in my memory. I was hungry; so I inquired my way to a first class eating establishment. The local cop directed me to a place called "The Cheshire Cat." That name also had a familiar ring, although, as before, I could not quite place it. I wended my way to the place, rang the bell, and awaited results. The door opened and, much to my astonishment, whom should I see but Mrs. Bennett. I quickly recovered from my surprise and fright, and managed to stammer some-

thing about being hungry. She beamed at me; and before I knew what was happening, she had me seated before a table. She asked me what I wanted, and I replied, "Oh, anything good, as long as it's hot."

"Pshaw," she came back, "now look here, young lady, that's much too vague and general. You must be more specific."

So I decided to have a cheese for which the town is so famous and, as I discovered later, justly so. The cheese came and I started to do my duty by it. Before I finished it, I began to feel a sort of a pathetic coma overcoming me. I was just dropping off, when who should come to the door but Eddie McLaughlin.

"Well, Mrs. Bennett at last I have the necessary proof to convince you that the Democrats should have been elected back in '25."

"Then he saw me and turned to shake my hand cordially. I wished him luck and, still under the magic influence of the Cheshire Cheese, I went out for a stroll around the village.

The first thing that caught my eye was a large four story factory. A sign informed me that it was the home of Boxer mattresses. I was rather surprised to see such a thriving business developing in a place like Cheshire; so I decided to walk in and take a glance around. On the first floor, I was again surprised to see "Red" Dallava. Upon my question he told me that he was the official mattress tester for the Boxer Factory. He had acquired his talent for this profession in Mr. Davenport's Review Math Class. I gave him my best wishes and left the building. Out in front I heard the strains of a hand organ. Around the corner came Hart Webber on roller skates, grinding out music (?) on an organ, and hauling a monkey on a string. Before I could get a word in edgewise he said, "I fain would view the sunrise." It seems that during all these years he had never seen a sunrise. I advised him to sleep on a Boxer Mattress and not only would he view the sunrise, but the moon, stars, and the Milky Way. He took note of my advice and continued his way to the tune of "Wabash Blues."

I stopped in a drug store to get a drink. There I saw Samuel Wood, the renowned chemist, mixing a new kind of beverage. I stopped him from his experimenting and had a nice long chat with him. In the course of this visit I learned that he had had a sandwich named after him by the Tubbs Lunch. It was called the Wood Sandwich. I heard a commotion outside the door and rushed out just in time to see a man in a disreputable Overland arguing with a tall traffic cop about whether or not the light had been red or green when he had crossed the square. I was surprised to see that the cop was none other than my old friend Bill Kibby. Then concentrating my attention on the driver of the Overland, I found to my utter amazement that it was my former classmate and class chauffeur, Bill Heather Nesbit, now engaged in the taxi business. As he had no other customer at the time, I rented the cab and told Bill to drive back to Pittsfield to see if P. H. S., the old fire and mouse trap, was still standing. As we were going through the thriving metropolis of Coltsville, I asked Bill to slow down to 45 miles per hour so that I could have a fleeting glimpse of the place. This he did, and my attention was at once riveted on a classy looking garage upon which was a large sign proclaiming to all passersby that Alfred Kassimer repaired broken springs, vulcanized old tires, gave excellent towing service, and what have you?

We soon reached North Street, but it seems that a world-wide convention of Delta Theta Omega was being held in Pittsfield and at the very moment of my

arrival a parade was in progress. The first person I recognized was Clement Moore, outfitted in the royal purple and white of the Alpha Chapter, leading the parade. In the middle of the parade, riding in full evening dress in a Rolls-Royce was none other than the wonderful, marvelous and superb Iggy Junior, now at the ripe old age of twenty years. He was specially loaned to the parade by Mr. Herrick to whom the chapter had given him in 1929. The only other person I recognized was Ralph Millington who was puffing at a bag-pipe in the band. I also saw later a man whom the crowd was trying to lynch. It turned out to be Ray Spier. His unpopularity was due to the fact that he was treasurer of the organization and was trying to collect a few back dues. But he was saved from a horrible death by the timely arrival of Chief of Police Francis Dougherty with his riot squad.

After seeing Ray safe at last, I turned my attention to a little entertainment. A glance over the *Nite Klub Revue*, edited by Carl Tracy, told me that among current offerings was a symphony concert featuring Helen Bumpinioski, imported from the wilds of sunny Italy especially for the occasion. She was to sing the new opera, "Fermez la Porte" by Mme. Grace Mochrie. The orchestra was under the baton of the talented Grace Buckwalter. I also noted that the Capitol Theatre was under the personal direction of Harry Tripp. The film was the famous epic, "Hamlet", starring Bob Hyland as the ghost and Mariam Austin as the beautiful but bashful Ophelia. I tossed up a coin to see which show I should take in. I lost the coin in a crack; so I decided to go to a ball game at Wahconah Park. There the Hillies were playing Albany. Norris Aubry was in the box for Pittsfield, while the two famous Froios were both pitching for Albany. This seeming impossibility was overcome by the fact that the two boys had become so much alike that the umpire could not tell them apart. So one pitched one inning and another the next. In the stands I heard the familiar voice of Leon Mermet proclaiming to the fans that now was the appropriate time to buy popcorn, peanuts and pop, plus all necessary accessories for their consumption. The Hillies were unable to defeat the Froio combination though Dave Mountain made a homer for Pittsfield.

I wandered back to the Longfellow Inn to eat. In the cafeteria I was surprised to hear the voice of Frances Burke yelling into the kitchen with a melody that was astonishing, "Ham and eggs with toast to go." I ate heartily and went up to the lobby to hang around. Suddenly I realized that after the hectic ball game I was in need of tonsorial assistance. So I went to the Modiste Barber and Beauty Parlors. There I was met by the beautiful Katherine Abare, who was the proprietor. She gave me a marcel and then introduced me to the head barber, Robert Burnes.

Then I went over to see the new high school. Much to my surprise, I discovered that there was no new high school. They were running five shifts in the old one to take care of the crowds. Wayne Roberts was the principal and was in the act of expelling a playful freshman when I came along and reminded him of how he used to cut up in Room 11. When he remembered his own antics, he readily forgave the freshman and went back to the office. There he introduced me to the head of the Spanish department, Marietta Keegan, and the domestic science teacher, Winifred Connelly. There also I saw John Moore who was still taking a P. G. course in mathematics. I left the building as the fifth shift was coming in.

Then I decided to go to a lecture at the Masonic Temple, to be given by Major General R. Glover Nicholls, who was to speak on the subject: "My Adventures with the Hottentots in Darkest Peru." When I got there, I found only three people in the hall; and one of these was the janitor. The other was Joseph Callahan, a reporter. On account of lack of an audience it was decided to call off the lecture.

So I went home to the hotel and listened to the radio which the manager, Joseph Abrahms had installed in my room. For a while I listened to a lecture on: "The Evil Effects of Catnip on the Nervous System." I found that the speaker was the President of the Antisaloon League, Miss Elizabeth Pierce. After the lecture I heard a song entitled "Mammy's Little Sonny Boy," rendered very tenderly by James Cohn, accompanied at the piano by Elmer Mendel. Esther Snow also played a violin solo on the same program. The announcer, Ray Sullivan, stated that the Jaffe Shoe Hour would next be offered. The guest artist, Curly Preston, a famed coloratura soprano, was to sing the latest Al Jolson song, after which Mr. Jaffe, the president of the corporation would give a brief address outlining the high spots of the latest model Jaffe Shoe. I listened to this for a while and then went to bed.

About the middle of the night I smelled smoke. Then I heard the clang of engines and the cries of women. Our hotel was in flames. I managed to get down a fire escape to safety. The fire department under the able direction of Chief Irving MacArthur, soon succeeded in breaking all the windows and chopping the building down so that there was nothing left to burn. I went to a neighboring hotel to continue my interrupted slumbers. In the morning I bought a copy of the *Complainer*, edited by Bob Newman. I glanced through the paper and noted that Hymen Perlman, because of previous experience, was conducting a column entitled "Advice to the Lovelorn" and Bill Mahon was editing the daily comic strip. On the last page I noted the daily bedtime story, "How Peter Rabbit Outwitted Jimmy Skunk" told by Uncle Wiltsie Dunham.

Being quite hungry I decided to have breakfast at the Murphy Restaurant, immediately. At the very next table sat an old classmate of mine, Arthur Chapman. We immediately struck up a conversation. He hadn't grown an inch since high school days, and in view of this fact he was making big money as a midget in the Langdon and Ferry three ring circus. The company was stopping at Hinmansville Center, a town named after the famous historian, Edna Hinman. Arthur had heard of the D. T. O. Convention being held in Pittsfield, so he'd come over to spend a day or two among old acquaintances.

Going out of the restaurant, I met Don Baker. He stopped just long enough to tell me that his success as a salesman was due to regular doses of Tournier's Cod Liver Oil. I reached the street, somewhat surprised to see a large crowd on the pavements. Upon inquiry, I learned that this was the inauguration day of Pittsfield's first woman mayor, Miss Margaret Hamilton. She had been elected on a platform which called for the straightening of Circular Avenue. I followed the crowd as far as Bitensky Parkway, named after Jason Bitensky, the famous paper hanger. The tense excitement continued for the entire day. Early in the afternoon, Ruth Daniels, a noted politician and a staunch supporter of Mayor Hamilton, put on a big display of fireworks at Bitensky Parkway. Next

came a speech on "Traffic Problems of Bohemia" by Rose Bidencope, an orator considerable repute. This was followed by a snappy roller-skating contest, conducted by our class athlete, Edna Learned. The contest was won by a nose, namely the nose of the famous John Lester. He was awarded a framed picture of "Old Ironsides." All in all the afternoon was a distinct success; so the crowd gave a good hand of applause and then disbanded.

Some went home, but the majority went to the big free banquet given by the renowned philanthropist, Nick Zarvis. The food was wonderful; and upon inquiry I found that the chef was my old friend Doris Chapman. During the meal we heard a fine concert over the New Denison Lemodine. While dessert was being served we were entertained by the latest Broadway success, Mme. Marianne Tobeeeee, who executed the Dance of the Cauliflowers. She certainly executed it all right. Next Harry Smith, Hinsdale's leading detective and justice of the peace, addressed the assemblage telling of his latest hand-to-hand struggle with the bloodthirsty rum-runners of Peru. Then came a clogging act, nobly done by Donald Lee and Max Newman. Incidentally they cleared the hall for no one remained to see the horrible end.

It had been announced at supper that Bill Kelly and Len Culverhouse were to play in the finals of the International Tiddledywinks Contest. Realizing that this game would be one to the death, I wended my way myself to the Granville Hefflethwaite Pruyne Stadium and awaited results. The head usher, "Red" Aronstein, conducted me to a reserved seat. There was a cheer-leader for the Kelly crowd, who was Booby Couch, and one for the Culverhouse faction, who was Dot Downing. Between these two lively young ladies there was plenty of noise. Finally the contest got under way. For a long time the game was even. The nerves of both contestants became raw and they became antagonistic. A sudden move on Kelly's part threw Culverhouse into a rage. Thereupon the latter hurled the tiddledywinks at Kelly. Serious complications were averted by the timely arrival of the referee, Robert Pearson. The contest was announced a draw! and the prize, a gilt-framed picture of Iggy, Jr. together with the autograph of High and Imperial Custodian of the Inner Sanctum, Mr. Ray Sullivan, was donated to the Salvation Army.

On the way home I decided to drop into the library in quest of material for my latest book, "The Life of Dorna the Loon." I met the librarian who turned out to be Eleanore Annabelle White. She showed me to the reference room where I engaged in research work for quite some time. While reading the Encyclopedia Americana, I stopped to read articles that were headed by familiar names. One in particular was an account of the life of the famous screen star, Anita Hutchinson, written by her press agent, Bob Conway. Reading on, I saw another article, the life of Lois Baker, the famous wall-paper designer. I turned from the Encyclopedia to the "Who's What" book. Under the B's I noticed the name of Tilly Bishop, the famous evangelist, and Bill Wright, who was making a name for himself as a hymn-writer. I found my material, copied it, and went out. In the doorway I saw the janitor, William Seymour, who was smoking a Robert Gross cigar. I proceeded down South Street to catch my boat up the Housatonic for Cheshire Harbor. The boat announcer, noted for his robust voice, turned

out to be Bill Quirk, who told me that the next boat would leave in half an hour. So I sat down to wait. Suddenly I heard someone speaking my name, and I turned to see John Coffey, the Argentine flour expert. It seems that he had married Ellen Davis, so that made a 100% P. H. S. family. I chatted with him until the hour for the boat to depart. Then I bade him adieu.

I got on the boat and there found that the captain was Merton Clark, the ticket taker Casmir Victor. Because I was well acquainted with both of them, I was allowed to roam the boat at will. I had a fine time and succeeded in locating several other classmates of mine. I wandered down into the baggage room, and there I saw a huge crate of strictly fresh eggs from the Evans and Case farm in Lanesboro. The package was addressed to the Previtali Tearoom. Then, to my amazement, I also located a big bundle addressed to Miss Esther Davison. Curiosity proved stronger than common sense and with much difficulty I succeeded in peeking in. There I saw a hand painted washboard. Well, so Esther was married. By this time I was very much engrossed in my explorations for I had located a package from Geller's Bologna Factory, and another from the Giftos Variety Store. I heard a giggle and turned just in time to see Elizabeth Hollis. She had been traveling about the country securing students for the Kathryn Lennox School for Girls. She had just recently been to a reunion of the Class of '29 and proceeded to tell me about my former classmates. Martha Heese was a professional golfer and had recently won the prize offered by the Donaldson Alarm Clock Factory. As we proceeded onto the deck, she told me how Lois Cooke and Irene Lutz had won the Olympic Swimming Meet for the United States. Joe Lankin had been elected president of the Kohlhofer Koal Kompany, and his picture was on the new half cent stamp.

We stopped at Coltsville long enough to take on two passengers. One of the two had her neck in a sling. "Why, Ruth McGeoch," I exclaimed "What on earth?" She afterwards explained that she had suffered strained ligaments from watching Ellen Noonan, a stunt flyer. We soon grew tired of talking and had dinner together on the boat. Florence Lusigan was our waitress and we had quite a chat with her. She told us that she was a dress designer and always spent her summers in the Berkshires. She told us that both Carol Turner and Paul Wetstein had passed that way during the summer. Carol had won the Royal Baking Powder Company's \$50,000 prize for making a biscuit that could be used for street paving. This feat was hailed as one of the greatest achievements in culinary arts in the past decade. Carol was seeing America first on her winnings. Paul was now a multimillionaire. It was rumored that he had made his fortune on jelly doughnuts.

Suddenly I heard a crash and our ferry lurched to the side. Down, down, down, I could feel the water coming up to meet me. After a moment or two came the final crash and I found myself on the floor, still at the "Cheshire Cat." There were the remains of the cheese before me on the table. I sat up and rubbed my eyes—I had forgotten that cheese could make one dream. Just then I was brought back to my senses by the sound of a voice from the kitchen: "Now let's get down to brass tacks. Nora, go and give Miss Victoreen the bill for the cheese."

The door was wide open and to good advantage. I had completely forgotten that cheese is expensive.

I laugh every time I think of how Mrs. Bennett must have come in and found the remains of my cheese, then looked out the window only to see a little dust spot about a mile up the road.

Vera Victoreen
John F. Moore

Address to Undergraduates

FOR the past three years, we, the Class of '29 have had from our principal and teachers frequent reminders that as seniors we carried a certain responsibility in regard to the undergraduates. It was often pointed out that, being older and more mature, we should set an example for you in scholarship, as well as in deportment. How well we have responded to those reminders, I cannot in modesty detail; but now that we have come to the parting of the ways and henceforth you will be without our support, I wish to say a few last words of advice.

Don't feel obliged to make our new Longfellow High resemble this one too closely. It really won't be necessary to decorate the desks with crayon pictures or to fasten down desk covers with gum.

Don't neglect to see John Donna, when you wish to learn anything about Mr. Strout.

Don't fail to conduct your class meetings under martial law. If you can't get a thing one way, try another.

Don't fail to award the Congressional medal to all traffic officers who exterminate freshmen for not keeping single file.

Don't fail to insist that the new high school be provided with hot showers. The frigidaire we have now, would make a first-class ice plant.

If by chance you become a member of Miss Kaliher's history class in 17, don't forget your umbrellas.

And above all do not forget to come to school when the no-school whistle blows.

Should you ever wish to hear the immortal gods thunder in your Latin class, try calling the heroine of the Aeneid, Diddo. We advise all Junior A girls to be quite extemporaneous—making up as they go along.

Senior B's, for you we have a special message. Of course we realize that you can never fill our places in the classrooms or on this platform, but you will graduate in time, provided you are persistent. So we hope that you may be as diligent, as brilliant and as self-conscious, as we are today. We suggest, however, that in the days ahead of you, you refrain from telling Mrs. Bennett that West Point is on the east side of the Hudson river or that the 18th Amendment affected the cotton gin. We have tried that, so profit by our experience.

But, seriously, these days are your best days. Make good use of them, that your high school career may be a success. Give each day's problems the best that is in you. It will not be long before you will be called upon to answer the same question that we must answer today. "What have I received in return for my three years at Pittsfield High? You are now preparing the answer. What it is to be depends on you. Students, we are glad to have spent our happiest days with you. I assure you that we shall treasure all the friendships we have formed with you and we add to the school's chain of friendships, this little golden link, which it is my honor to present to your representative. It is symbolic of the bright, golden memories we carry away with us today.

Adios

Edwin McLaughlin

Address to the Faculty

WHEN selected some time ago to give the address to the faculty, I considered myself a most fortunate person. To think that it had fallen to my lot to tell the teachers of Pittsfield High just how they stood in our estimation and to voice some long restrained opinions seemed all too good to be true. However, when I started to write the address I found myself at a severe loss, for the little speeches which some of my classmates had been preparing since their freshman years and which they wished me to include in my talk were totally unbecoming to one as bashful as I am, and also, the threats of some faculty members to increase my sojourn in this old and venerable building confused me to such an extent that I desire that my address this morning be followed by a hasty exit.

Throughout my years at Pittsfield High the faculty, I must admit, has been to me: "A body of men and women surrounded by red tape." However without voicing any particular opinion our class as a whole has gathered much data and has learned many things which as departing students we can no longer keep secret.

The following, members of the faculty, is not the work of the writer but a result of contributions from many sources, and that unconquerable desire to tell teachers "where to get off" is not totally obsolete in our class. We have come to the conclusion and we openly state that there are many teachers on this faculty who are hard-hearted and mean. To prove this statement I will refer to two misfortunes which befell members of our class. One of our most studious boys was unceremoniously excused from Mr. Hennessy's botany class for cheating, because he had a flower in his buttonhole. The other, an innocent and well-meaning girl was flunked by Miss Morse on a history examination which contained questions about things that took place before she was even born. Too, there are peculiarities and habits of other teachers which we venture to bring out with the view of helping future senior A's. We warn you against the inconsiderateness of certain teachers and we venture to make the rash statement that some members of the faculty demand too much obedience to the rules. In Miss Kaliher, our class adviser, we have a woman who actually broke her own engagement because her fiance did not keep an appointment with her one night and the next day failed to bring an excuse signed by his mother. We say also that we have taken much good from outbursts and statements by Mr. Milon Herrick and we believe that concentration on some of his calculations will be very beneficial. For instance Mr. Herrick estimates that in one hundred years the population of the earth will not be as dense. This was issued after he had just finished correcting a batch of freshman examination papers. Along with many other bits of learning which we have picked up goes a knowledge of the safest way to drive a car. On this subject Miss Power is the trail blazer and she will tell you that it is quite proper to put one hand out of each side of the car so that you can go whichever way you want. I could relate many more peculiarities and render much more advice which our intercourse with the faculty has wrought, but because we fear that it might put evil thoughts into your yet unsophisticated minds and stir you to violence, we turn our minds from the less appreciated results of high school life.

However, members of the faculty, our relations with you have been most happy and memorable. Through our daily contact with you we have become fast

friends and the recollections of our days with you will be forever held in sacred memory. Throughout our years in this building we have received from you, a kindness and a thoughtfulness far greater than what we, as beginners had ever hoped for. You have made our intercourse with you an association which will always be a bright page in our history of life, an association memorable for the generosity and encouragement you gave so unselfishly. Indebted, indeed, are we to you, members of the faculty a debt greater than we can ever hope to pay. To you, teachers of Pittsfield High we cannot say farewell. The breaking of our ties of friendship so sincere and cherished, and bidding good-bye to a group held in such reverence and esteem seems to be almost an impossibility and the thought of it makes us want to linger just a while longer. You have inspired us by your kindness and your willingness to help us along. You have taught us to smile at troubles and that lesson will surely help us overcome a greater trial some other day. And in our hour of success we will not forget you, teachers of Pittsfield High, but we will offer up an earnest prayer that those students who are then making up the graduating class have been the recipients of that same kindness and generosity that was ours. Then too you have taught us to pattern our lives after those of others and we extend to you our parting thanks for that lesson inspired by the words of the poet:

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.	Footprints, that perhaps another Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother Seeing, shall take heart again.
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Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

William Quirk

Class Day Song

Dear school, now we sing to thee
Where we've toiled on so faithfully.
We feel it must bring deepest grief to thee
To hear our farewell now,

Oh Alma Mater.

We leave thee with fond regret
The long path of our life to tread.
Our hearts are filled with lasting love for thee
As we say good-bye.

Farewell teachers tried and true
Much real credit to you is due,
Who still will linger and will labor on
And be near to thee still,

Dear Alma Mater.

Always striving for our best
And trusting us to do the rest.
Our hearts are filled with grateful thanks to you
As we say good-bye.

Helen Bump

Who's Who

Central

KATHERINE ESTELLA ABARE, "Buddy"

Schools: Hinsdale Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Posture. Ambition: To become a nurse.

JOSEPH ABRAHMS, "Joe"

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Student's Pen. Class Secretary, '28, '29, Prom Committee, Graduation Decoration Committee, Usher at senior play, track, '27, '28, '29. Ambition: To be the head of the U. S. History department for five minutes.

HARRY ARONSTEIN, "Red"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker Junior High. Baseball '27, '28, '29. Ambition: To be a banker.

NORIS AUBRY, "Nor"

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Varsity. Baseball '27, '28, '29. Ambition: To be a successful counterfeiter.

MARIAM AUSTIN

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Glee. Ambition: To be a librarian.

DONALD R. BAKER, "Don"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Debating, Student's Pen. Orchestra, Oratorical Contest, Debate vs. Lenox. Ambition: To be a train caller.

LOIS BAKER, "Loie"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Handwork, Posture. Prom Committee. Ambition: To take up a career as an artist.

ROSE BIDENCOPE

Schools: Tucker Grammar and Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette. Ambition: To travel.

FLORENCE M. BISHOP, "Tillie"

Schools: Crane and Rice Grammar, Crane Junior High. Clubs: Basketry, Enameling, Home Nursing. Prom Decorating Committee, Usher at February Graduation, February Decorating Committee, Class Picture Committee. Class Giggler. Ambition: To be the champion giggler of the world.

JASON BITENSKY

Schools: Russell Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Club: Agat. Baseball '28. Ambition: To fly across the Atlantic Ocean.

ARTHUR BOXER

School: Crane Junior High. Club: Debating (Publicity Manager). Ambition: To be a lawyer.

GRACE BUCKWALTER

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Glee. Orchestra, Prom Committee. Ambition: To rival Paderewski.

HELEN BUMP

Schools: Bryant Grammar School, Great Barrington, Dawes Junior High. Play Committee, Poetry Editor of "Pen," Class Artist. Ambition: To do something really artistic.

FRANCES BURKE

School: St. Joseph's Grammar and High School. Ambition: To write a bigger and better Conciliation Speech.

ROBERT BURNS, "Bob"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen, Jr. Hi-Y. Ambition: To be a shark in history.

JOSEPH H. CALLAHAN, "Cal"

Schools: N. Y. State Grammar, Pomeroy Junior. Baseball, Traffic Officer. Ambition: To be an aviator.

EVANS CASE

Schools: Berkshire Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Agat. Prom Refreshment Committee. Ambition: To be a sea captain.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN, "Art"

School: Mercer Junior High. Baseball '28, '29. Ambition: To teach "Londo" Froio how to make hits in a baseball game.

DORIS ELOISE CHAPMAN, "Dodo"

Schools: Russell Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Enameling, Posture, Etiquette Traffic Officer. Ambition: To be a nurse.

MERTON CLARK

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Radio, Etiquette, C.M.T.C. Track '27, '28, Football '27. Ambition: To leave P. H. S. in the dust.

JOHN L. COFFEY

School: St. Joseph's Grammar and High
Clubs: Radio, *Student's Pen*. Traffic Officer,
Ambition: To be a New York broker.

JAMES COHN, "Jimmy"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Varsity, Glee. Prom Decoratin Committee, Football '26, '27, '28, Basketball '26, '27, Track '29, Baseball '26, Class Play. Ambition: To be like Al Jolson.

WINIFRED CONNELLY, "Winnie"

Schools: Berkshire Grammar, Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Pro Merito, Glee, Handwork, Enameling, *Student's Pen*. Traffic Officer, Best All-round Girl. Ambition: To be a history teacher in P. H. S.

ROBERT J. CONWAY

Schools: Dawes Grammar, Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Glee, C.M.T.C. Ambition: To get enough sleep all at once.

LOIS COOKE

Schools: West Part, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Posture. Prom Invitation Committee, and Decorating Committee, Banquet Committee, Class Day Speaker, Baseball '28, Basketball '28. Ambition: To be happy and successful.

BARBARA COUCH, "Bobby"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: *Student's Pen*, Dramatic. Baseball '27, '28, Basketball '28, '29, Cheerleader '28, Home Room Treasurer '28, Most Carefree Girl. Ambition: To be a mascot of the *Hillies*.

LEONARD CULVERHOUSE, "Len"

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: C.M.T.C., Glee. Football '27, '28, Basketball '26, '27, '27-'28, '28-'29, Baseball '28, '29. Ambition: To be a second Babe Ruth.

ARNOLD DALLAVA

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, *Student's Pen*. Ambition: To be plain and fancy wading champion.

RUTH DANIELS

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette. Ambition: A secretarial course.

ELLEN R. DAVIS, "Eddie"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: *Student's Pen*, Dramatic. Orchestra, Home Room Treasurer, Pro Merito. Ambition: To be a good stenographer.

ESTHER H. DAVISON

Schools: Plunkett Grammar, Dawes Junior High. Club: Glee. Traffic Officer '28, '29. Ambition: To be a kindergarten teacher.

GEORGE R. DENISON

Schools: Rice Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Club: C.M.T.C. Ambition: To own a 1910 Ford.

HUGH GORDAN DONALDSON

School: Dawes Junior High. Stage Manager of Senior Play. Ambition: To be Wilson Dunham's private valet.

FRANCIS J. DOUGHERTY

School: Mercer Junior High. Club: Current Events. Track '27, '28. Ambition: To pass one of Mr. Barnfather's Spanish tests.

DOROTHY DOWMING, "Dot"

Schools: Rice Grammar, Crane Junior High. Clubs: *Student's Pen*, Home Nursing, First Aid. Ambition: Nurse.

WILSON B. DUNHAM, "Uncle Wiltzie"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Current Events. Department Editor of *Student's Pen* '28-'29, President of Torch Hi-Y '27-'28-'29, Senior Play Committee, Senior Play, Class Will. Ambition: To roll a barrel of Coca-Cola through North Street on a Saturday afternoon.

JUSTIN OWEN FERRY, "Cy"

Schools: Rice Grammar, Crane Junior High. Ambition: To be an aviator.

FIORINO FROIO, "Cap"

School: Plunkett Junior High. Club: Varsity. Orchestra Committee, Baseball '27, '28, '29, Basketball '26-'27, '27-'28, '28-'29. Ambition: To be a motorcycle cop.

ORLONDO FROIO, "Londo"

School: Plunkett Junior High. Club: C.M.T.C. Orchestra Committee, Baseball '26, '27, '29, Basketball '27, '28, '29, Football '28, Traffic Officer, Shortest Boy. Ambition: To give students a three year course in "How to loaf."

SAMUEL C. GELLER, "Cortley"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Radio, *Student's Pen*, President of Etiquette. Delta Theta Omega. Ambition: To own a new Ford.

CHARLES P. GIFTOS, "Charlie"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Public Speaking. Traffic Officer. Ambition: To be an electrical engineer.

ROBERT GROSS, "Bob"

Schools: Dawes Grammar, Crane Junior High. Club: Glee. Prom Committee. Ambition: To be an actor.

MARGARET HAMILTON, "Marg"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, *Student's Pen*, Pro-Merito. Ambition: To make a perfect history recitation.

MARTHA HESSE, "Pete"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Glee. Orchestra, Girls League. Ambition: To be an actress.

EDNA HINMAN, "Ted"

Schools: Crane Grammar and Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Glee. Ambition: To do my best always.

ELIZABETH HOLLIS, "Betty"

Schools: Mercer Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic, Posture, First Aid, Public Speaking. Basketball '28-'29, Swimming '29, Alumni Editor of *Pen*, Class Play, Class Chatter-box. Ambition: To be a champion talker and debater—also as a sideline—nursing.

ANITA M. HUTCHINSON

Schools: Redfield Grammar Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic (Secretary), Glee, Public Speaking, Posture, Junior Prom Committee, Home Room Secretary '27, Home Room Officer '28, Prettiest Girl, Best Girl Dancer, Class Fashion-plate. Ambition: A trip to Europe.

ROBERT CHARLES HYLAND, "Bob"

Schools: Burlington Junior High, Burlington, Vermont; Classical High Worcester. Hi-Y, Best Boy Dancer, Handsomest Boy. Ambition: To be a butter and egg man.

ISADORE JAFFE, "Ted"

Schools: Bartlett and Tucker Junior High. Junior Prom Committee, Senior B Ring Committee, Senior A Play Committee (Head Usher and Tickets), Class Picture Committee (Chairman), Class Day Committee (Chairman), Pro-Merito, Traffic Officer '28-'29. Ambition: To sleep 12 hours of the day, and rest the other 12.

ALFRED KASSIMER, "Al"

School: Crane Junior High. Orchestra. Ambition: To get an A+ in U. S. History.

MARIETTA KEEGAN, "Kitty"

Schools: Russell Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Traffic Officer, Editor of Book Review Dept., *Student's Pen*, Home Room Secretary 12A, Pro-Merito, Senior Play, Class Actress, Salutatorian, Model Girl Student, Most Popular Girl. Ambition: To recognize one of Cicero's jokes.

WILLIAM A. KELLY, "Bill"

School: Plunkett Junior High. Hi-Y, Vice-President Senior A Class. Football '26, '27, '28, Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29, Baseball '26. Ambition: To get out of high school.

WILLIAM KIBBY, "Bill"

Schools: Stearns Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Traffic Officer. Ambition: To be a radio expert.

FRANK J. KILIGAS, "Gus"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Radio. Ambition: To make my "wonder watch" run.

HOWARD GILBERT LANGDON, "Harry"

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Radio. Ambition: Mechanical Engineer.

JOSEPH G. LANKIN, "Joe"

Schools: Russell Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Club: *Student's Pen*. Baseball, Pro Merito, Model Boy Student, Cleverest Boy. Ambition: To take a trip around the world after earning my first million.

EDNA M. LEARNED, "Eddie"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Handwork, Enameling. Baseball '27, '28, Basketball '28, '29, Home Room Secretary, Pro Merito, Class Girl Athlete. Ambition: To be a second Glenna Collett.

DONALD LEE, "Jack"

Schools: Rice Grammar, Crane Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Dramatic, Varsity. Baseball '27, '28, Football '28, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Banquet Committee, Home Room Secretary. Ambition: To fail to prepare U. S. History on the same day that Mrs. Bennett is absent.

KATHRYN LENNOX, "Kay"

School: Miss Mills's. Club: Glee. Junior Prom Committee, Senior A Picture Committee, Pro Merito. Ambition: To be a tight rope dancer.

JOHN LESTER, "Les"

School: Mercer Junior High. *Football* '29.
Ambition: To spend the rest of my life in bed.

FLORENCE LUSIGNAN, "Flo"

Schools: St. Ann's Academy, Marlborough, Mass., Dawes Junior High. *Clubs:* Posture, Handwork, Dramatic. *Class Sheba.* *Ambition:* To be a modiste.

IRENE LUTZ

Schools: Russell Grammar, Mercer Junior High. *Clubs:* Dramatic, Posture. *Student's Pen,* Editor of School Notes—*Pen,* Baseball '27, '28, Basketball '27, '28, Swimming '27, '28, '29. *Ambition:* To swim the Pacific Ocean.

WILLIAM IRVING MacARTHUR, "Mac"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* C.M.T.C. *Ambition:* To win Harry Lauder's \$50,000 prize for swimming the Atlantic.

WILLIAM MAHON, "Bill"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. *Baseball* '27, '28, '29, *Football* '28, '29, *Traffic Cop,* Editor of the "Daily Howl." *Ambition:* To see a bow-legged Indian run.

RUTH ALLEN McGEACH, "WAIT"

Schools: Rice Grammar, Mercer Junior High. *Clubs:* Glee, Posture, Dramatic, Public Speaking, *Student's Pen.* *Ambition:* To talk to Eleanore, first period, without being interrupted by Mr. Allan.

EDWIN McLAUGHLIN, "Woodrow"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Class Vice-President* '27, *Home Room President,* *Ticket Committee,* *Senior Play,* *Prom Committee,* *Banquet Committee,* *Picture Committee,* *Assistant Chief Traffic Officer,* *Secretary Students' Council,* *President Debating Club* '28, '29, *Hi-Y.* *Ambition:* To be a lawyer.

ELMER F. MENDEL

Schools: Crane Grammar, Mercer Junior High. *Club:* Radio. *Ambition:* To be an electrical engineer.

ERNEST MARCHISIO, JR.

School: Plunkett Junior High. *Track* '27, '28, '29, *Football* '28, '29. *Ambition:* To become an aviator.

LEON MERMET

School: Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* *Student's Pen.* *Ambition:* To become as good a baker as Noris Aubrey.

RALPH B. MILLINGTON

Schools: Nugent Grammar, Plunkett Junior High. *Class Day,* *Pro Merito,* *Traffic Officer,* *Band.* *Ambition:* To be a chemical engineer.

GRACE MOCHRIE, "Gracious"

School: Mercer Junior High. *Club:* *Student's Pen.* *Editor Essays and Specials* '28, '29, *Traffic Officer* '27, *Pro Merito.* *Ambition:* To put two and two together.

CLEMENT ROSS MOORE, "Clem"

School: Dawes Junior High. *Clubs:* *Student's Pen,* *Delta Theta Omega,* *Orchestra,* *Radio.* *Ambition:* To see the day when Mr. Herrick will not blush when reading the daily bulletin.

JOHN T. MOORE, "Johnnie"

Schools: Andover Grammar, Plunkett Junior High. *Club:* *Student's Pen.* *Vice-President of Sigma Epsilon,* *Delta Theta Omega,* *Pro Meritor,* *Class Prophecy,* *Class Day Committee,* *Picture Committee,* *Address to the Janitor,* *Class Will,* *Orchestra,* *Editor of "The Chanticleer,"* *Senior Play,* *Chairman Orchestra Committee.* *Ambition:* To ride in a patrol wagon.

DAVID C. MOUNTAIN, "Big Hill"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. *Clubs:* *Radio,* *C.M.T.C. (Quartermaster, Vice-Commander),* *Varsity (Presentation Committee),* *Class Vice-President* 1928, *Prom Committee,* *Football* '29, *Basketball* '28, '29, *Delta Theta Omega.* *Ambition:* To get my hands on a diploma.

FLORENCE EVELYN MURPHY

Schools: Hastings Grammar and School of Practical Arts in Fitchburg, Mass., Pomeroy High. *Ambition:* To travel, go places, do things, and see things.

WILLIAM HEATHER NESBIT, "Bill"

Schools: Cathedral Choir, New York City, Pontoosuc Junior High. *President Home Room* 1926, *President, Junior B Class* 1927, *Ring Committee* 1927, *Delta Theta Omega,* *Junior Prom Committee* 1928, *Chairman Entertainment Committee* 1929, *Senior Play,* *Class Day,* *Banquet Committee* 1929, *Class Sheik,* *Class Actor.* *Ambition:* To win an argument with Mrs. Bennett.

MAX G. NEWMAN, "Gib"

Schools: Dawes Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Clubs:* *Public Speaking,* *Dramatic.* *Traffic Officer.* *Ambition:* To own a new Ford.

ROBERT G. NEWMAN, "Bob"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Dawes Junior High. *Clubs:* *Secretary of Junior Hi-Y* '27, '28, *Secretary of Torch Hi-Y* '28, '29. *Editor Joke Department of Student's Pen* '27-'28, '28-'29, *Home Room Treasurer Room 9* '28, *Home Room Treasurer Room 11* 1929, *Delta Theta Omega* '29, *Editor "Laboringman's Advocate"* '29, *Class Day Committee,* *Class Will.* *Ambition:* To sell Frigidaires to Eskimos.

ROGER GLOVER NICHOLLS, "Rog"

Schools: Sound Beach Grammar, Sound Beach, Conn., Greenwich High, Greenwich, Conn. *Clubs:* *Student's Pen,* *Hi-Y,* *Agat (Secretary).* *Students' Council,* *Sigma Epsilon (President),* *Delta Theta Omega,* *Prom Committee,* *Property Manager—Senior Play,* *Graduation Decorating Committee,* *Chairman of the Banquet Committee,* *Vice-President of Junior A Class,* *Traffic Officer.* *Ambition:* To get the best of Mrs. Bennett in an argument.

ELLEN L. NOONAN, "Eln"

School: Plunkett Junior High. *Club:* *Handwork.* *Ambition:* To be a teacher (Kindergarten).

ROBERT PEARSON, "Bob"

School: Dawes Junior High. *Clubs:* *C.M.T.C. (Commander),* *Student's Pen,* *Traffic Officer,* *Track* '27, '28 (Captain), *Football* '27, *Basketball* '27. *Ambition:* To rise in the world—via pole vaulting.

HYMAN B. PERLMAN, "Murphy"

Schools: Tucker Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Ambition:* To invent a desk with a lunch counter and bed attached.

ELIZABETH PIERCE, "Betty"

School: Dawes Junior High. *Clubs:* *Public Speaking,* *Dramatic,* *Student's Pen,* *Glee.* *Orchestra,* *Prom Committees,* *Chairman Refreshment Committee,* *Chairman Class Ring Committee,* *January Graduation Usher,* *January Graduation Decorating Committee,* *Play Usher,* *Banquet Committee,* *Banquet Speaker,* *Traffic Officer* '29. *Ambition:* To convince the School Committee that a dictaphone should be installed in P. H. S. for the use of the Traffic Officer.

HELEN MARTHA PRESTON, "Curly"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* *Glee.* *Home Room Secretary* '26, *Ring Committee* '27, *Shortest Girl,* *Cutest Girl.* *Ambition:* To grow.

VIVIEN PREVITALI, "Viv"

Schools: Edward Everett Grammar, Boston Dawes Junior High. *Clubs:* *Posture,* *Handwork,* *Pro-Merito.* *Basketball* '28. *Ambition:* To teach Mathematics.

GRANVILLE S. PRYUNE, "Granny"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. *Clubs:* *C.M.T.C.,* *Student's Pen,* *Varsity,* *Hi-Y.* *Class Treasurer,* *Prom Committee,* *Ring Committee,* *Track* '28, '29, *Basketball* '29, *Delta Theta Omega.* *Ambition:* To make Sam Wood a giant.

WILLIAM F. QUIRK, "Bill"

Schools: Briggs Grammar, Tucker Junior High. *Club:* *Varsity (Vice-President),* *C.M.T.C.* *Home Room Officer,* *Baseball* '28, '29, *Alpha Sigma Gama,* *Address to the Faculty,* *Toast to the Girls,* *Class Day Committee,* *Traffic Officer,* *Cutest Boy.* *Ambition:* Always to remain taller than the Froio brothers.

WAYNE H. ROBERTS

Schools: Rice Grammar, Crane Junior High. *Clubs:* *Varsity,* *Current Events,* *Glee.* *Class President* '28, '29, *Class Secretary* '27, *Hi-Y Secretary,* *Students' Council Secretary,* *Chairman of Prom Committee,* *Senior Play Business Manager,* *Football* '28, *Class Day Speaker,* *Banquet Committee,* *Delta Theta Omega,* *Most Popular Boy,* *Most Business Like Boy,* *Best All-round Boy.* *Ambition:* To conduct a quiet class meeting.

WILLIAM A. SEYMOUR, "Bill"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Williamstown Grammar, Dawes Junior High, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* *Secretary of Radio.* *Ambition:* To build and fly a plane of my own design.

HARRY A. SMITH, "Smitty"

School: Dawes Junior High. *Club:* *Radio.* *Ambition:* To be a chemical engineer.

ESTER SNOW, "Snowy"

Schools: Plunkett Grammar, Plunkett Junior High. *Clubs:* Handwork, Posture. Orchestra, Basketball '28. *Ambition:* To convince Mrs. Bennett that Pittsfield High is really a good school.

RAYMOND SPIER, "Shorty" "Ray"

Schools: Osceola Grammar, Stearns Grammar, Pomeroy Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* Radio. Delta Theta Omega. *Ambition:* To become an electrical engineer.

RAYMOND SULLIVAN, "Ray"

Schools: Berkshire, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* Debating (Treasurer '28), Class President, Home Room President, Traffic Officer, Prom Committee, Debate vs. Lenox. *Ambition:* To become an editor.

MARION TOBEY, "Mun"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Clubs:* Posture '27, Handwork '28, *Student's Pen* '29. Traffic Officer '28. *Ambition:* To be a dancer.

CARL TRACY, "Carlos"

School: Plunkett Junior High. *Clubs:* Radio, Etiquette. Traffic Officer, Home Room President '26, Home Room Treasurer '27, *Student's Pen* Sport Editor '28, Track '27, Delta Theta Omega, Senior Play Usher, Class Day, Editor of "The Nite Club Revue." *Ambition:* To be living when "The Nite Club Revue" takes the place of "The Eagle."

HARRY J. TRIPP, "Duke"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* Glee. Delta Theta Omega, Track Team '27. *Ambition:* To get out of P. H. S. with a sound mind after reading the Nite Club Revue.

EDWARD TOURNIER, "Ed"

School: Crane Junior High. *Club:* Radio '26, *Student's Pen* '27-'28. Traffic Officer '26, Delta Theta Omega. *Ambition:* To stay single.

NORMAN C. TUBBS, "Norm"

School: Burlington Junior High School, Burlington, Vermont. Football '28, Sigma Epsilon, Hi-Y. *Ambition:* To make skis.

CAROL O. TURNER

School: Dawes Junior High. *Club:* Posture. Quietest Girl. *Ambition:* To make noise.

CASIMIR VICTOR

Schools: Stearns Grammar, Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* Radio. Delta Theta Omega. *Ambition:* Mechanical engineer.

VERA E. VICTOREEN, "Vic"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. *Club:* Posture. Home Room Officer Basketball '28, Girls' Cheerleader '28, Junior Prom Committees, Revising Committee: *Student's Guide*, School Notes Editor, *Pen* '27, '28, Editor-in-Chief, *Student's Pen* '28, '29, Senior Play Committee, Senior Play Prompter, Banquet Committee, Class Prophecy, Class Poet, Cleverest Girl, Most Business-like Girl, Best Natured Girl. *Ambition:* To edit "The New York Times."

HARTWELL KEENE WEBBER, JR.**"Klondike"**

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Prom Committee, Pro Merito, Class Day, Orchestra, Delta Theta Omega, Class Musician. *Ambition:* To view the sunrise on roller skates.

PAUL WETSTEIN, JR. "Paulie"

Schools: Dawes Grammar and Junior High. *Clubs:* Torch Hi-Y, *Student's Pen* '28, '29, Radio '27. Publicity Manager Senior Play, Junior Prom Committee, Delta Theta Omega '29, Track Manager '29. *Ambition:* To enjoy "Klondike" Webber's "poetry".

ELEANORE ANN WHITE, "Whitey"

School: Northampton High. Orchestra, Usher at Senior Play. *Ambition:* To keep still during third periods.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE WOOD, "Sam"

School: Mercer Junior High. *Clubs:* Glee, Radio. Senior Play, Prom Committee, Traffic Officer, Most Carefree Boy, Wittiest Boy. *Ambition:* To be able to look over Uncle Wiltsie's shoulder.

WILLIAM F. WRIGHT, "Bill"

Schools: Symonds Junior High, Keene High School, Keene, N. H. *Clubs:* Public Speaking, Debating. Delta Theta Omega. *Ambition:* To enter railroad work.

NICHOLAS CHARLES ZARVIS, "Nick"

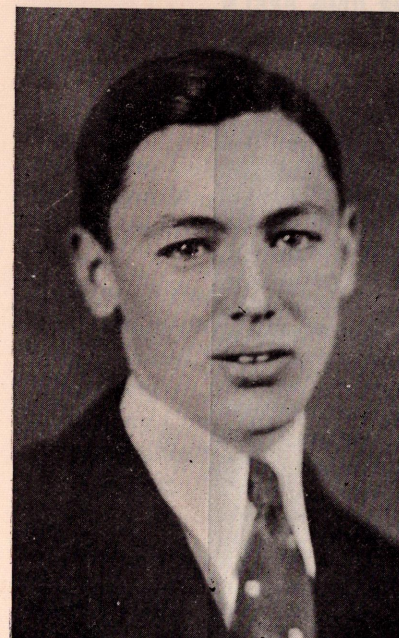
School: Tucker Junior High. *Club:* Glee. Delta Theta Omega, State Committee. *Ambition:* To become a physician.

The New Editor

IN September, when school reopens for the 1929-1930 term, George Kenyon of the June class of 1930 will occupy the position as editor-in-chief of *The Student's Pen*. George has been the head of the Exchange Column for the past semester and has proved one of the finest workers that ever edited that department. His reputation for efficiency and promptness has greatly aided in bringing *The Pen* through the past two semesters, one of the most difficult but in the end, one of the most successful seasons in the magazine's history. All who know George are certain that he will fill his position with a high degree of efficiency and succeed in seeing *The Pen* through another prosperous year.

The editor wishes to thank the adviser, the department heads, and the staff members who have helped her to edit successfully these past eight issues.

The Editor



Courtesy of Jacob

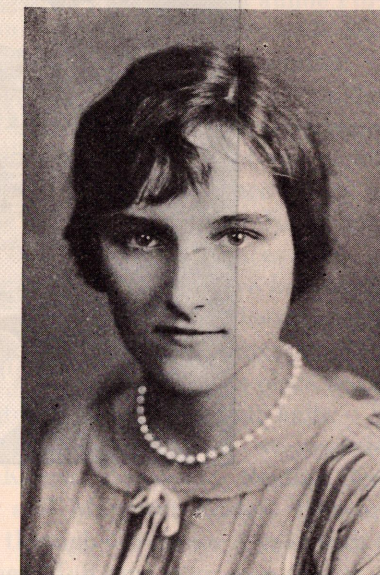
GEORGE KENYON
Editor-in-Chief, 1929-1930

Our Retiring Editor

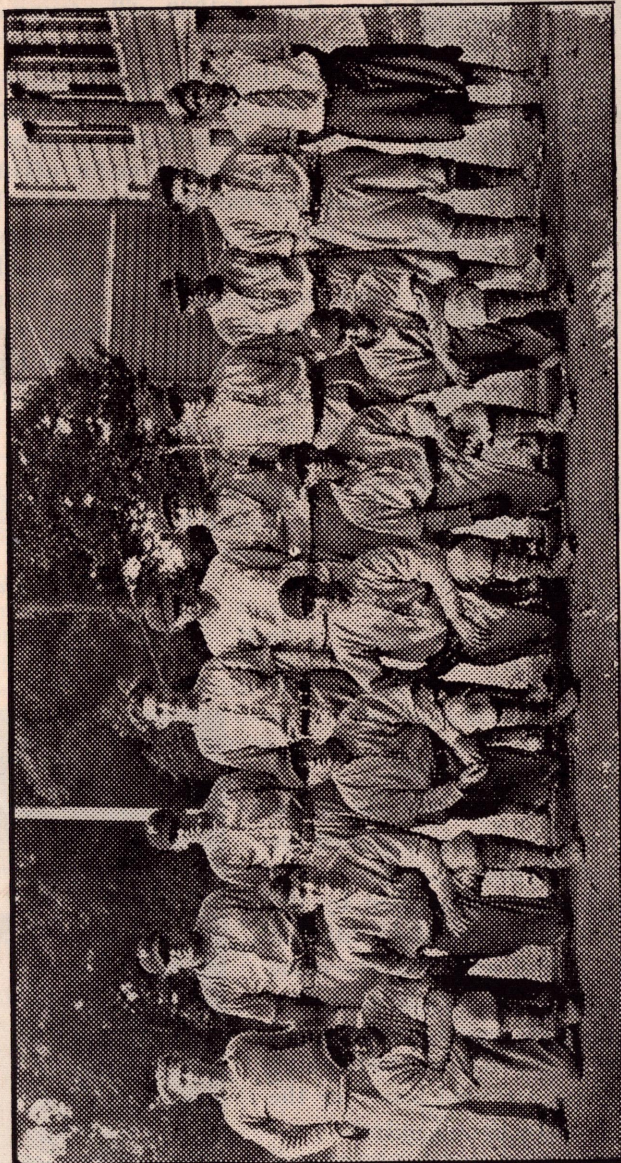
THIS month P. H. S. is to lose one of the most able editors who has ever guided the destiny of *The Student's Pen*.

When the difficulties occasioned by the double session plan threatened the continued publication of *The Pen*, it was Vera who came valiantly to the rescue. Her ambition, ability, and energy, liberally expended have enabled *The Pen*, not only to maintain its former standard, but to gain a second honor in the Columbia Interscholastic Press Contest.

The members of all departments, as well as all persons with whom she has come in contact, wish her the highest success in whatever form of endeavor she pursues.



VERA E. VICTOREEN
Editor-in-Chief, 1928-1929



OUR CHAMPIONSHIP BASEBALL TEAM, '29

Class Day Program, Commercial, June 21

Remarks by the Chairman	James McKenna
Class History	Emma Jones, Sylvia Renwall, Blanche Wright
Duets	Margaret Foster, Elizabeth Powell
Chorus	Girls
Address to Undergraduates	J. Edward Burke
Music and Magic	George Tompkins
Class Prophecy	Ruth Wesley, Margaret Hopper, Mae Lindsey
Chorus	Boys
Address to Faculty	Dorothy Corley
Entertainment de Luxe	James Martineau, James McKenna
Last Will and Testament	Cecelle Berry, Tilly Schreck, Eva Cutler, Dora Gruberg
Class Song	Class
Class Day Committee—	J. Edward Burke, Chairman; Merrill Powell, James Martineau, Ida Kaplan, Henry Butler

History of the June Class of 1929

IN September, 1926, we, the present illustrious, ambitious, industrious, promiscuous, beauteous, notorious Senior class of June, 1929, had condescended to enter the sophomore ranks of far-famed Pittsfield High School.

Mr. Ford requested us to ascend to the third floor, where we were greeted by our home room teacher, Miss Elizabeth Enright. As our path still lay in the field of sophomore insignificance, we obtained board and room on the third floor for one year.

Our first year flew by on wings. We as noteworthy Juniors, descended to the second floor, where we elected the following officers: President, Pauline Porro; Vice-President, Sylvia Renwall; Secretary, James Martineau; and Cecile Berry collected the assessment on our purses. Miss Rieser was our class adviser. As Junior A's we chose Ida Kaplan, President; Emma Jones, Vice-President; Pauline Porro, Secretary; and Tilly Schreck, Treasurer. Miss Rieser remained as our class adviser. Although it will not go down in the history of our country, the semi-annual Battle of Rings was fought, and this time a peace treaty was signed whereby there would be a standard ring for two years. The Junior Prom next came into prominence. Socially, it was a success; let the finances rest.

The beginning of the end came in September, 1928. Since we had worked so hard in our former years, we, as lofty Senior B's, were given the privilege of sleeping in the morning. A grand removal took place. Gone were the old familiar corridors, the hollowed steps, the serene atmosphere. In its place reigned general clamor and hubbub; nice, flat, steel steps; long, unfamiliar halls. The Central Building had now become our scene of action. Finally we organized with Miss Downs, Class Adviser; James McKenna, President; Pauline Porro, Vice-President; Dorothy Corley, Secretary; and Margaret Foster, Treasurer. As we were a very peaceful class, we continued through our Senior A year with the same officers. While we were Senior A's James McKenna, our class orator, entered the Oratorical Contest and came forth victor in the first elimination held at P. H. S. Without much discussion, we decided to give a play instead of a

dance. The play that was given was entitled, "The Arrival of Kitty." Dorothy Corley, the leading lady, added greatly to the success of the play.

Our history is done. Our noble deeds have been recorded. It is time that we should bid you au revoir, but not goodbye.

*Emma Jones,
Sylvia Renwall
Blanche Wright*

Address to the Undergraduates

HEAR ye, Hear ye, undergraduates of Pittsfield High School of Commerce! Be it known and spread far and near, that the June Class of 1929 has successfully and duly completed the prescribed course in this magnificent institution of learning, thereby giving to the world nobler and greater minds. That this may be continued, we deem it necessary to warn and counsel you against dangers and temptations, lest you fall by the wayside, and, falling by the wayside, fail to give to the world that which is expected of you. The trials and tribulations are many. For instance: Don't try to skip out during your study periods for a bite to eat. Don't try to write your own excuses. Don't try to argue on a point in Civics with Mr. Murray. I could go on and relate many other warnings to you but as Homer said, "Find out for yourself."

All through our school years we have been seconded by the present Senior B's. I now find it my duty to try to express our appreciation and thanks for the hearty cooperation that has existed between the Senior A's and Senior B's.

And now we charge you, let the honor and glory of P. H. S. be foremost in your hearts and minds. Raise high her banner; never let its folds be lowered. "To you from failing hands we throw the torch; Be yours to hold it high!"

J. Edward Burke

Prophecy of the Commercial Class of June 1929

ON the quiet evening of June 25, 1939, Ruth and I were sitting in the spacious living room in my home in Dalton, wondering what had happened to our old classmates, when suddenly the door opened and who should hop in, but little Margaret Hopper with an invitation to attend the grand celebration of the opening of the new Pittsfield High School. We were to be guests of the Misses Ida and Pearl Kaplan at their new cabaret, "The Pittshischooligas," built on the old Pittsfield High School site by the firm of Noon and Mongeon, contractors, and designed by Blanche Wright, interior decorator.

When Ruth and I began to jump about for joy, Margaret cried, "Children!" (apologies to Miss Downs) "You ain't (ain't is now in the dictionary) heard nothing yet! Some of our former classmates are going to be there! What a time we'll have!"

Of course, we left at once and arrived at the club in a short time. The splendor of the beautiful building almost took our breaths away for we did not realize that the celebration was to take place on a roof garden. The hostesses told us that there was to be a parade through the principal streets of the city to open the festivities. So to the parade we went.

The Chief of Police, of course, led the parade. No, it was *not* Chief Sullivan, but our classmate, John Flynn.

Next came the Pittsfield High School Brass Band directed by Merrill Powell, followed by a beautiful float in the center of which was a miniature of the new Pittsfield High School. As it approached, we saw what seemed to be a bright flame of fire. But alas! it was only "Red" Donald, the principal of the new high school, who conducted a class for the bright seniors who were told by Mr. Nugent, "Please leave the room."

Then came the "Bored" of Education. Among the members we saw Joe Aurswald and Gladys White. Four prominent business women of the city, Jane Gramkowski, Dora Gruberg, Mary McGovern, and Charlotte Moran were the judges who chose the prize-winning float, that of the miniature high school.

After the parade, as we were walking back to the cabaret to continue the celebration, our attention was drawn to a large sign printed by Dave Cohen, the leading printer of the city.

Arriving at the cabaret we were escorted to the roof by the head waiter, Louie Talcov. The entertainment had just begun. To our surprise whom should we see but Lillian Selkowitz, demonstrating a new dance called the "Pittshischooligas" Dance.

Suddenly we heard familiar giggles. We turned around, and sure enough, there were our class gigglers, Tilly Schreck and Ruth Tompkins. They joined us, and during the conversation that followed we learned of some of our classmates.

Louise Baranzelli had gone back to the country of her ancestors, Italy, and was head of a large exporting concern. Dorothy Green was a very successful manager of a multigraph company. Nellie Semanya and Mary Gniadek had been chosen as physical directors at the Girls' League.

We were so interested in hearing about our classmates, we had not noticed that the cabaret dancers had entered and taken their places to entertain us. Lo and behold!—and other exclamations of surprise—Margaret Foster, of all persons, was the star chorus girl. As we looked at the other members of the chorus, whom should we see but Shirley Browne, Cecille Berry, and Betty Powell strutting around as if they belonged to the Ziegfield Follies.

After this surprise we decided that we ought to have something to eat. We called the waitress and asked for menu cards. When she handed them to us, we noticed a familiar ring on her finger. Upon looking up into her face we recognized Grace Beals. She served us with a surprise meal. And, Boy! what a surprise! There was delicious baby beef from Hank Butler's farm, and many good eatables that had been obtained from "The Delicatessen Shop" managed by Anne Simon and Betty Herman.

While we were enjoying our demi-tasse, we heard the roaring of aeroplanes. The dance floor was quickly deserted and three aeroplanes descended into our midst. Imagine our surprise when Dot Loncheck stepped out of one plane and her two Secret Service Agents, Evald Lovgren and James Powers, stepped out of the others to raid the cabaret. Everything was in a hub-bub. We tried to get out but found ourselves surrounded by police. We were taken to the Police Station in the luxurious, comfortable police wagon. When we reached there, we

were shown to our private suites for the night by the matron of the jail, Winifred Smith.

The next morning we were taken into the courtroom for trial. When we came in, a case was being tried. We heard the court crier, Sid Cohn, call the case of "Burke vs. Coyle." Agnes Coyle had run over Eddie Burke, now a "stage-door Johnny," with her taxi in her hurry to get to the celebration. The lawyers for the defense and the prosecution were none others than Thelma Signor and Margaret Simpson, respectively. They brought their case to a close in a few minutes. The judge in order not to appear partial decided the case in favor of both sides.

When our case was called, a new judge came out on the bench. Looking up, who, to our surprise, should sit there in cap and gown but Dorothy Corley. When she recognized us, she dismissed us at once because she said she remembered that our class was always up to something exciting, and that she would have done the same thing had she been there.

We seemed bound to get into mixups. Just as soon as we had left the court house, we met Emma Jones and Sylvia Renwall who were the swimming instructors at the Boys' Club. They told us they had just heard from Eve Cutler and Rose Jaffe. Eve had married a traveling salesman and was touring the Orient with him. Rose was a round-the-world hiker and was now crossing the Sahara Desert.

They were about to continue when suddenly we heard an automobile horn and saw an automobile approaching us at a rapid pace. Ruth failed to get out of the way quickly enough and was knocked down. We rushed her to the hospital where she was attended by Dr. Grace O'Donnell and nurse Ivy Thompson. Her injuries proved very slight and in a few hours we were on our way again. We went back to the court house for Dorothy as she had invited us to dinner.

She told us that Florence Rice was to be the physical director at the new high school and that Laura Koscher was a successful court stenographer at the Superior Court in Boston. She had also just received a letter from Eileen Healey, who had triumphed as a movie-director for Marjorie Miller in her latest picture, "Pittsfieldian Knights."

As we were eating, a boy came in with the *Evening Eagle*. After paying our two cents, we started looking over the paper. We looked at the society notes and learned that Rose Green was an opera singer on Broadway. In the Congressional record we found the names of Elizabeth Pfadenhauer and Ida Reed who were sitting as representatives of Massachusetts in the extra session of Congress called by the President of the United States, Pauline Porro.

Upon turning to the editorial page we saw a caricature of James McKenna, who was touring the country giving a series of orations on "The High Cost of Building Feed Stations for Flying Fish," drawn by his old classmate James Martineau, famous for his original cartoons.

Thus has the fate of the June class of 1929 been prophesied.

Margaret Hopper

Ruth Wesley

Mae Lindsey

Address to the Faculty

MEMBERS of the Faculty: Life is a series of transitions. Daily circumstances change and things become more modern, but, as yet, there has been found no substitute for teachers.

Our lives are a succession of milestones, each a step onward toward the goal "Success". In graduating we, the Class of June, 1929, have reached the first milestone in our career. As we pause before taking up our journey onward, the thought comes to us, "To whom do we owe our success in reaching that goal for which we have been striving for twelve years?" and I believe that I have found the answer to that question in the word "teacher."

Shakespeare was once described as an intellectual river toward which all other rivers ran and from which the isles and continents of thought still draw their dew and rain, but Shakespeare and Socrates and Aristotle and King Solomon rolled into one would have been unable to have produced the things which have made them famous down through the ages were it not for the inspiration of some interested person, and we, too, would have been helpless were it not for those who have been always willing to aid, to encourage.

The word "teacher" seems too cold and distant when it is used to describe those upon whom we have come to look as friends and advisers. We go through the usual procedure of graduation—we think of certain things as belonging to Commencement—but not until the time comes for us to take our places upon this platform do we realize how weak and ineffectual words sound when they try to paint a picture—a picture of our student life, guided by the firm, yet loving hands of the faculty members.

I have often wondered why one would choose the seemingly thankless position of teaching in preference to the many less difficult, and more lucrative professions. But seemingly thankless though it may be, its joy comes from its nobleness of purpose—from the delight found in being of service to another.

I once read a passage which has lingered in my memory as being the very incentive in choosing such a life-work. It read, "Choose a profession of service, for what do we live for, if not to make the world less hard for each other?"

In closing, members of the faculty, it is my desire to leave with you this thought to express all the things which I have left unsaid,

Words are very little things

When they deal with you."

Dorothy E. Corley, Com'l '25

Last Will and Testament

WE, the Senior Class of June 1929 of the Commercial Department of the Pittsfield High School of the city of Pittsfield, County of Berkshire, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the United States of America, being of supposedly sound mind, very weak memory, and small reasoning power, do draw up, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament before leaving this beautiful temple of learning which is bordered on the west, by the rocky and muddy common; on the south, by tall, bleak fences and tenement houses; on the east, by the silent and dead pool of water, called Silver Lake; and on the north,

by a cement wall that would make the Great Wall of China feel insignificant.

To the instructors in this magnificent structure we bequeath without regret, the following:

To Miss Downs, our beloved class adviser, our most sincere thanks for and appreciation of her willingness to help us in all our trials and tribulations.

To Mr. Ford, the Senior Class bequeaths a sign on which will be printed the words—"No loitering in the halls."

To Miss Powers, a bottle of "Sunshine Polish" so that her life may always be full of sunshine.

To Miss Enright, the exclusive copyright to the words, "Now, we've had just enough."

To Miss Mangan, a private secretary to assist her in the task of taking care of her employment bureau.

To Miss Baker, a special guide book for her visits in the Forest Primeval.

To Miss Rieser, an electric pencil sharpener so that her request for a two-pointed pencil in her stenography classes may be granted.

To Mr. Nugent, stools to be stationed outside his door for nuisances whose room is more desired than their company.

To Mr. Holly, a candle so that his future may always be bright.

To Miss McSweeney, a telescope so that she may always see her way clear.

To Mr. Murray, a "wishing inkwell" so that when his ink is exhausted during deficiency time, he will have only to wish and a new supply will be at hand.

To Mr. Dunn, a book entitled, "What the well-dressed man of 1930 will wear."

To Mr. Geary, a microscope to aid him in detecting all "excuse" forgeries.

To the Senior B's, the privilege of going into session with their brains occasionally.

To the fairer sex among the undergraduates, the privilege of trying to improve on nature's gift in Mr. Murray's classes.

In testimony whereof, we, the said June Class of 1929 have written our Last Will and Testament. Signed this twelfth day of June in the year of Our Modern Youth One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-nine, in the presence of me, you, them, and us who declare this to be the one and only Will and Testament of the June Commercial Class.

Thus have we disposed of all our obligations—you have heard the last wishes of Four Good Samaritans.

Witnesses:

Cecelle Berry

Dora Gruberg

Eve Cutler

Tilly Schreck

C—c is for character, we all are taught,
O—o is for oration, a thing often sought,
M—m is for merits, they're hard to attain,
M—m is for memories, that always remain,
E—e is for earnestness, deep and true,
R—r is for rivalry, a thing to us new,
C—c is for credits, we need for success,
I—i is for ideals, we all should possess,
A—a is for ambition, a very good trait,
L—l is for life, where we all meet our fate.

Thelma Signor

Class of June, 1929 Statistics—Commercial Division

Prettiest Girl	Marjorie Miller
Handsomest Boy	Edward Burke
Most Popular Girl	Dorothy Corley
Most Popular Boy	James McKenna
Most Businesslike Girl	Emma Jones
Most Businesslike Boy	James Powers
Best-Natured Girl	Dorothy Loncheck
Best-Natured Boy	Edward Burke
Cutest Girl	Cecelle Berry
Cutest Boy	James Martineau
Best Girl Dancer	Margaret Simpson
Best Boy Dancer	Merrill Powell
Cleverest Girl	Emma Jones
Cleverest Boy	Henry Butler
Best All-Round Girl	Eileen Healey
Best All-Round Boy	William "Red" Donald
Model Girl Student	Pauline Porro
Model Boy Student	James Powers
Noisiest Girl	Dorothy Loncheck
Noisiest Boy	William "Red" Donald
Class Baby	Marjorie Miller
Class Actor	David Cohen
Class Actress	Dorothy Corley
Class Athlete	William "Red" Donald
Class Artist	Sidney Cohn
Class Orator	James McKenna
Class Poet	Mae Lindsey
Class Shiek	James Martineau
Class Vamp	Cecelle Berry
Favorite Teacher (man)	Mr. Joseph Nugent
Favorite Teacher (woman)	Miss Alice E. Downs
Most Unpopular Subject	History
Most Popular Subject	English
Quietest Girl	Elizabeth Pfadenhauer
Quietest Boy	Louis Tolchov
Favorite Saying	Are We Downhearted? No!
Favorite Movie Actor	"Buddy" Rodgers
Favorite Movie Actress	Joan Crawford

Commercial

Would the World Go Round If:

Louise Baranzelli spoke harshly to us?

Joseph Aurswald was ever on time?

"Bubbles" Berry didn't have dates?

Shirley Browne didn't wear high heels?
 Edward Burke forgot to be humorous?
 "Hank" Butler broke up with his girl?
 Rose Green lost her voice?
 Jane Gramkowski forgot her vanity case?
 Eileen Healey flunked a subject?
 Mary Gniadek cut her hair?
 Betty Herman didn't take an occasional vacation?
 Dora Gruberg didn't study?
 Dorothy Corley wasn't the leading lady in the Senior Play?
 Pearl Kaplan became peeved?
 Ida Kaplan wasn't one of the Senior girls?
 Emma Jones forgot to blush?
 Rose Jaffee wasn't bashful?
 "Dot" Loncheck didn't have hysterics in shorthand?
 Mae Lindsey couldn't write poetry?
 Helen Mongeon wasn't called "Frenchy"?
 Helen Noon actually talked aloud?
 Mary McGovern couldn't type?
 Marjorie Miller wasn't our prettiest girl?
 Laura Koscher ceased to be sarcastic?
 Grace O'Donnell grew an inch?
 "Peg" Foster didn't claim all of our money for class tax?
 Ruth Wesley ceased to be cheerful?
 Margaret Hopper failed in history?
 Betty Powell didn't have her host of friends?
 Sylvia Renwall didn't have her pretty dimples?
 Eva Cutler didn't have Tilly for her friend?
 Tilly Schreck ceased to giggle?
 Gladys White didn't have her curly locks?
 Anna Simon didn't smile?
 Louis Talcov recited in history?
 Ruth Tompkins didn't have her hair braided?
 Ivy Thompson couldn't be a nurse?
 Lillian Selkowitz deserted her social work?
 James McKenna wasn't our class president?
 Merrill Powell couldn't dance?
 James Martineau didn't have a joke on hand?
 James Powers didn't graduate?
 John Flynn forgot how to smile?
 Elizabeth Pfadenhauer made any noise?
 Sidney Cohen hadn't won the two tickets for the Senior Play?
 Evald Lovegren ceased to be the man with a thousand faces?
 Winifred Smith moved from Lanesboro?
 Ida Reed failed in the lessons?
 Charlotte Moran grew an inch shorter?
 Nellie Semanya ever revolted against assignments?

Agnes Coyle ever shouted?
 Dorothy Green didn't take Multigraphing?
 David Cohen didn't think he knew law?
 Margaret Simpson didn't have red hair?
 Blanche Wright was a brunette?
 Florence Rice didn't know her law?
 William Donald didn't teach multigraphing
 Thelma Signor had a quarrel with Bunny?
 Grace Beals stopped talking?
 Pauline Porro didn't say "Nickel please"?
 Miss Downs didn't say "Now, children"?
 Miss Enright wasn't a typing teacher?
 Miss Baker couldn't drive her car?
 Miss Mangan didn't find positions for the Senior A's?
 Miss Rieser couldn't write shorthand?
 Miss Powers wasn't a friend to all?
 Miss McSweeney didn't say the correct word?
 Mr. Nugent didn't say "Please leave the room"?
 Mr. Murray didn't assign homework?
 Mr. Holly didn't say "Now, when I was on the road"?
 Mr. Dunn didn't read the dictionary daily?
 Mr. Ford wasn't a friend to the Senior A's?

Ruth Wesley
 Cecelle Berry

Class Banquet Program—Commercial

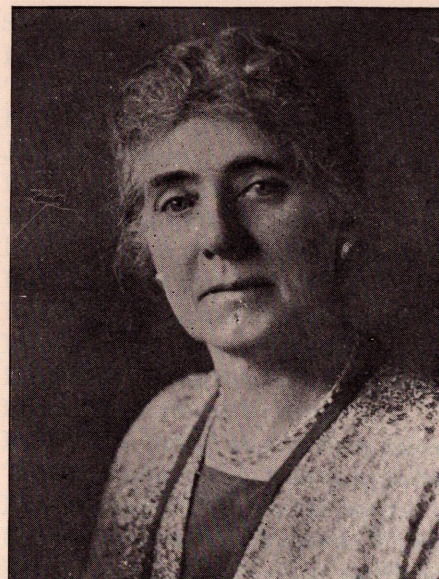
Hotel Aspinwall, Lenox, Mass., Wednesday, June 26, 1929

MENU

Olives	Consomme	Salted Nuts
Lobster a la Newburg	Banana Fritters	
Roast Chicken	Cranberry Sauce	Mashed Potatoes
	Waldorf Salad	Asparagus
Ice Cream	Lady Fingers and Macaroons	
	Coffee	
	Speakers	
Toastmaster		James McKenna
Toast to the Girls		Merrill Powell
Toast to the Boys		Helen Mongeon
Toast to the Girl Athletes		James Martineau
Toast to the Boy Athletes		Pauline Porro
Toast to the Faculty		Eileen Healy
Toast to the Adviser		Dorothy Corley
Remarks		Miss Downs
Remarks		Dr. Gannon
Remarks		Mr. Ford

Dancing

Banquet Committee: Dorothy Corley, Chairman; Margaret Foster, Mae Lindsey, and Pauline Porro.



MISS ALICE E. DOWNS

A true example of devotion and one that endears to us the memory of our High School days.

To her, in parting, we give our heartiest thanks for her unfailing interest in us.

Who's Who

Commercial Department

JOSEPH AURSWALD, "Joe"

School: Tucker Junior High.

Joe had a Ford as we all know,

But it was the kind that wouldn't go.

LOUISE J. BARANZELLI, "Lou"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette, Student's Pen.

Louise is a quiet little lass

You'd hardly know she was in the class.

GRACE BEALS, "Frenchy"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Glee, Student's Pen.

Grace is our short cute little one

Wherever she is there's sure to be fun.

CECELLE JANE BERRY, "Bubbles"

Schools: Tucker Junior High, Pomeroy Junior High, St. Joseph High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette. Offices: Junior A Class Secretary, Junior B and Sophomore Class Treasurer. Committees: Junior Prom, Sunshine.

Cecelle Berry is a jolly little maid

Full of fun and never afraid.

SHIRLEY MAE BROWNE

School: Concord High. Offices: Senior Play.

Shirley Browne with all her curls

Is one of the cutest of our girls.

J. EDWARD BURKE, "Eddie"

School: Dorchester High. Club: Student's Pen. Committees: Junior Prom, Printing, Poster, Checking. Offices: Class Day Speaker, Assistant Traffic Chief.

Eddie is indeed a witty boy

He certainly fills the classroom, with joy.

HENRY RHINEHART BUTLER, "Hank"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Radio. Committees: Prom, Senior Play. Teams: Football '28.

No words of mine nor any pen

Can tell you all that Hank has been.

DAVID COHEN, "Pinky"

Schools: Pomeroy, Bartlett. Clubs: C.M.T.C., Debating. Offices: Debating Club Secretary, Senior Play. Team: Track Team '27.

David is witty, wise and gay

He teases the girls to pass time away.

SIDNEY M. COHN, "Sid"

Schools: Tucker Junior High, Seward Evening High. Clubs: Debating, Accounting, Student's Pen. Committee: Advertising.

Black hair, daring eyes

And he's very very wise.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH CORLEY, "Dot"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Glee, Etiquette, Debating. Offices: Student Council, Sophomore A Home Room Treasurer, Junior B Home Room Treasurer, Senior B and A Class Secretary, Senior Play, Class Day Address, Traffic Chief. Committees: Program '26, '27; Student's Pen; Library and Finance; Junior Prom Decorating and Reception; Senior Play, Banquet. Awards: Letter '29.

Dot is clever, also pretty

Never dull, always witty.

AGNES COYLE, "Aggie"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Posture, Student's Pen, Etiquette.

Agnes is a quiet lass

She is the quietest in our class.

EVE CUTLER, "Cutsey"

School: Tucker, Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette, Handwork. Committees: Junior Prom Refreshment.

Eve is a girl who is cheerful and gay,

We wish her good luck as she goes on her way.

WILLIAM ROBERT DONALD, "Red"

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Debating. Teams: Track '28, Basketball '28, '29, Track '29.

Red is our class athlete,

For good nature he can't be beat.

JOHN M. FLYN, "Jack"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Debating, C.M.T.C.

To everyone the best of friends,

So may he be until life ends.

MARGARET FOSTER, "Peggy"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Glee '26, '27, '28, Student's Pen '29. Offices: Student Council '29, Home Room Secretary '28, Senior B and A Class Treasurer, Bank Trustee '27. Committees: Ring, Prom, Junior Prom Decorating, Senior Play, Banquet.

Oh, Peg can sing and Peg can dance

And leave it to Peg to find romance.

JANE L. GRAMKOWSKI

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Glee. Offices: Sophomore Class President, Pro Merito.

Good nature is the name for you

May it last your whole life through.

MARY GNIADEK, "Speed"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette, Posture. Offices: Manager of Basketball Team. Teams: Basketball and Baseball.

Mary Gniadek is her name,

She is known for her basketball fame.

DOROTHY GREEN, "Dot"

School: Mercer Junior High. Club: Posture.

All girls are nice but there is one

Who's nicer than all under the sun.

ROSE GREEN, "Roy"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Dramatic, Handwork, Basketry. Teams: Basketball, Baseball.

A cute little miss is our Rose Green

And the cheerfulest girl we've ever seen.

DORA ESTHER GRUBERG, "Dot"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Handwork.

Still water runs deep, so they say,

May good luck ever come in your way.

EILEEN HEALEY, "Lefty"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Posture '26, '27. Offices: Captain of Basketball Team of '29, Pro Merito. Committees: Class Picture. Teams: Baseball '26, '27, '28, '29.

Eileen is our class athlete

With any girl she can compete.

BETTY HERMAN

School: Tucker Junior High. Club: Etiquette.

Betty is a jolly girl

Her laugh will brighten up the world.

MARGARET HOPPER, "Peggy"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic, Posture. Offices: Home Room Officer, Class Prophecy, Class Day, Pro Merito. Committees: Junior Prom, Picture, Senior Play.

Margaret is small and very shy,

But just the same her marks are high.

ROSE JAFFE

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork.

Rose is one of our quietest girls

She will be a success in this world.

EMMA JONES, "Jerry"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Handwork. Offices: Junior B Secretary, Bank Trustee, Pro Merito. Committees: Junior Prom, Home Room, Ring. Teams: Swimming '29.

*Emma is a prim little lass,
Bright and clever in every class.*

IDA KAPLAN, "I"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette, Handwork. Offices: Junior B and A Class President, Secretary of Etiquette Club.

*Ida Kaplan, clever and gay,
We wish her luck along the way.*

PEARL F. KAPLAN

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Glee. Offices: Junior A Treasurer. Committees: Graduation Decorating, Junior Prom.

*Pearl, the cutest little lass
Is a popular girl of our class.*

LAURA EVA KOSCHER, "Laurie"

Schools: Pomeroy Junior High, Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork, Home Nursing, Student's Pen.

*Laura is quiet as well as weet,
She's just the girl you want to meet.*

MAE EVELYN LINDSEY, "Frenchy"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: First Aid, Home Nursing, Student's Pen. Committees: Decorating, Publicity for Junior Prom, Banquet.

*Mae is a romping noisy little lass
The most talented artist of our class.*

DOROTHY F. LONCHECK, "Pat"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Committees: Sunshine Committee, Home Room.

*Dot Loncheck is a carefree girl
As a gem, she'd be a lovely pearl.*

EVALD LOVGREN, "Swede"

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Glee.
*He's a quiet, serene fine fellow of Swed'n
There's lots of stuff in that bean of his'n.*

JAMES G. MARTINEAU, "Jim"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen, Debating. Offices: Sophomore Bank Trustee, Junior Class Secretary, Chairman of Senior Play Committee. Committees: Junior Prom, Class Day Program.

*Jimmy is smart, Jimmy is small
But when it comes to arguing, Jimmy beats us all.*

MARY A. McGOVERN

School: St. Joseph High. Clubs: Posture, Art, Etiquette. Committees: Home Room, Sunshine.

*Mary is always wearing a grin,
If she keeps on she's sure to win.*

JAMES A. McKENNA, "Jim"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen. Offices: Student Council, Treasurer of Debating Club, Oratorical Champion of High School, Junior and Senior Class President, Class Day Chairman, Toastmaster at Banquet, Assistant Traffic Chief. Committees: Ring, Junior Prom, Senior Play. Teams: Football '27, '28.

*Jimmy, a bright and clever boy,
We hope his life will be full of joy.*

MARJORIE MILLER, "Margie"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. Clubs: First Aid, Home Nursing, Glee. Committees: Junior Prom.

*Although Marge is from out of town,
As Miss Lanesboro she is renowned.*

HELEN C. MONGEON, "Frenchy"

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette, Glee.

*Frenchy is a funny name
But it suits our Helen just the same.*

CHARLOTTE MORAN, "Charlie"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic, Posture, Home Nursing.

*Charlotte is tall; Charlotte is bright,
In all her lessons, why she's quite all right.*

HELEN NOON, "Irish"

Schools: Leominster Junior High, Leominster High. Clubs: Glee First Aid, Posture.

*Helen is a quiet lass
But a great addition to our class.*

GRACE O'DONNELL, "Gracie"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork, Student's Pen. Offices: Sophomore B. Secretary. Committees: Sunshine, Receiving Committee of Junior Prom.

*A little girl with curly hair
Never a worry, never a care.*

ELIZABETH PFADENHAUER, "Betty"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette.

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette.

*This Betty is demure and true,
We like to give credit where it is due.*

PAULINE ZITA PORRO, "Paul"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Posture, Handwork. Offices: Home Room President, Junior B, Bank Trustee, Home Room Treasurer, Senior A and B Vice-President, Senior A. Committees: Sunshine, Refreshment for Junior Prom, Decorating for Junior Prom, Decorating for Graduation, Who's Who, Banquet, Pro Merito.

*Every Wednesday Pauline goes by,
"Nickel, please" is her plaintive cry.*

ELIZABETH POWELL, "Betty"

School: Hoosick Falls High. Clubs: Etiquette, Glee.

*Betty Powell is quite demure,
Of her success we're very sure.*

MERRIL H. POWELL, "Merrie"

School: Hoosick Falls High. Clubs: Hoosick Falls High School Orchestra. Committees: Junior Prom Decoration, Senior Play, Class Day Program. Teams: Hoosick Falls High Cross Country Team.

*A delightful and quiet boy is he
Ever may he successful be.*

JAMES POWER, "Jimmy"

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Radio. Committees: Junior Prom. Office: Pro Merito.

*James is our Bookkeeping shark,
A trial balance he considers a lark.*

IDA REED, "Idie"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette.

*Ida is a prim little lass,
And is good as gold in every class.*

SYLVIA RENWALL, "Syl"

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Art, First Aid, Home Nursing. Offices: Vice-President, Junior B, Home Room Secretary and Treasurer, Junior A. Committee: Prom Decorating. Teams: Basketball '28, '29, Swimming '28, '29, Baseball '26, '27, '28, Pro Merito.

Here's to Sylvia the champion swimmer of our class,

May she be lucky in the future as she's been in the past.

FLORENCE RICE, "Bunny"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Glee. Team: Basketball.

*Bunny Rice is rather nice
From various sources we get this advice.*

TILLY SCHRECK

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette, Handwork. Offices: Home Room Treasurer, Junior B, Class Treasurer, Junior A. Committees: Junior Prom, Reception.

*Giggle, giggle all the day,
That is Tilly's winning way.*

LILLIAN SELKOWITZ, "Lill"

Schools: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Mercer Glee, Handwork. Team: Swimming.

*Lillian is always happy and gay
We like to see her coming our way.*

NELLIE SEMENYA, "Nell"

School: Pontoosuc Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Glee. Offices: Manager of Basketball Team '28. Committee: Home Room. Teams: Basketball '28, Baseball '28, '28, Swimming.

*Here's to Nellie so quiet and sweet,
In athletics she can't be beat.*

THELMA SIGNOR, "Curly"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Posture. Team: Basketball.

*Thelma Signor's a jolly little lass
And a curly headed addition to our class.*

ANNA RUTH SIMON, "Ann"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic, Public Speaking, Posture. Offices: Secretary of Etiquette Club '27, Bank Trustee.

*Gentle, merry, helpful, gay,
What more for Ann can we say.*

MARGARET E. SIMPSON, "Peg"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Debating, Dramatic, Public Speaking. Teams: Baseball, Basketball, Swimming.

*Peg Simpson is known by her pretty red hair
We wish her prosperity everywhere.*

WINIFRED SMITH, "Winnie"

Schools: Lanesboro Grammar, Pontoosuc Junior High. Clubs: Home Nursing, Glee.

*Winnie is a quiet lass
We never hear from her in class.*

LOUIS TOLCOV, "Lou"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Debating '26, '27, '28. Offices: Student's Pen Committee: Sunshine.

*Louis seems quiet, Louis seems shy,
But what beneath the surface does lie?*

IVY THOMPSON

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette, First Aid, Student's Pen.

*Ivy has tresses long and black,
And she is a girl who is never slack.*

RUTH TOMPKINS, "Tommy"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Sunshine.

*Ruth is a tall and friendly lass
The noisiest one in bookkeeping class.*

RUTH WESLEY, "Ruthie"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Glee '26, '27, '28, Student's Pen. Offices: Home Room Officer, Class Day Program. Committees: Junior Prom, Who's Who, Class Prophecy. Team: Baseball '27.

*Ruth is sweet, demure and gay,
We wish her success for every day.*

GLADYS N. WHITE

Schools: Crane Junior High, St. Joseph High. Clubs: Etiquette, Dramatic.

*We all are fond of Gladys White
The girl with always a smile so bright.*

BLANCHE SUSANNE WRIGHT

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Debating Club, Handwork. Committee: Junior Prom.

*Blanche Wright has shining golden hair
As an actress she has talent rare.*

Committee:

*Ruth Wesley Ruth Tompkins
Laura Koscher Pauline Porro*

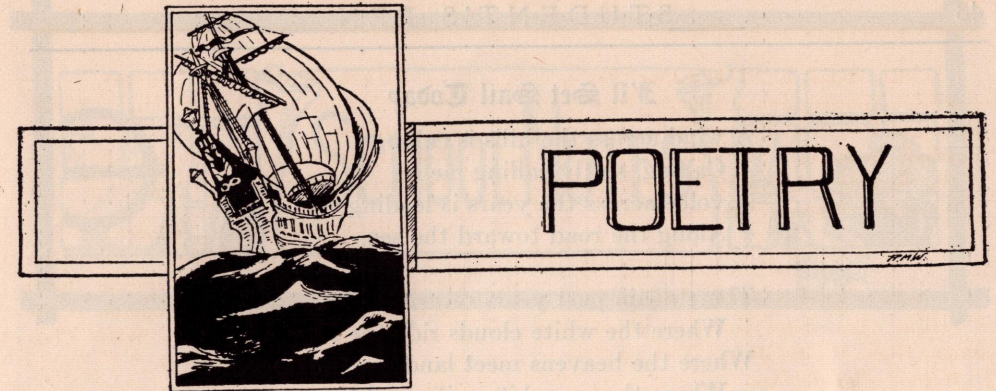
Banquet Program—Central

Hotel Aspinwall, Lenox, Mass., June 26th, 6.30 o'clock

MENU

Queen Olives	Fruit Cocktail	Salted Nuts
Lobster a la Newburg	Consomme Princess	Stuffed Turkey
Banana Fritter	Cranberry Sauce	Fresh Asparagus
Vanilla Ice Cream	Waldorf Salad	Mashed Potatoes
Toastmaster	Coffee	Lady Fingers and Macaroons
Toast to the Girls		Wayne Roberts
Toast to the Boys		William Quirk
Toast to the Athletes		Betty Pierce
Toast to the Faculty		Anita Hutchinson
Remarks		Raymond Sullivan
Remarks		Miss Margaret Kaliher
Remarks		Principal Roy M. Strout
Class Song		Dr. John F. Gannon
		Class

Banquet Committee: Betty Pierce, Vera Victoreen, Edwin McLaughlin, Roger G. Nicholls.

**Song of Youth**

The road lies wide before me
The day is dawning clear
Oh, I have youth and courage
And parting time is near.

And maybe I'll go seaward
Where angry breakers roar,
Or perhaps I'll live a quiet life
Here on the sunny shore.

It may be I'll go to battle
Waving high my banner of youth;
God give me a clean heart, a pure soul,
To conquer the world for truth.

Vera E. Victoreen

Dream Builder

Searching for beauty, for love, for truth,
I am a dream builder; I am Youth.

I am a dream builder raising high
White marble structures to the sky,
Singing sweet songs, unheard before,
Trying my wings, longing to soar,
Watching for sails upon the blue sea,
Dreaming of Norway, of distant Capri.
Searching for beauty, for love, for truth,
I am a dream builder, I am Youth.

Vera E. Victoreen

I'll Set Sail Today

A wind across the hills is calling
 Calling, softly calling me
 A voice across the years is leading
 Along the road toward the sea.

There again past years return
 Where the white clouds ride the sky
 Where the heavens meet land and water
 Where the sea white sails scud by.

It is joy to feel the sea-wind
 Soft against the cheek once more
 To know that for a briefest instant
 Youth is there upon that shore.

Look above, sea gulls are fleeing
 Gliding, dipping in the foam
 Look to sea, white sails are flying
 Some outward bound, some coming home.

I've lived my life here near the shoreland
 In quiet shelter of a bay
 But, oh God, I long for service;
 I'll set sail today.

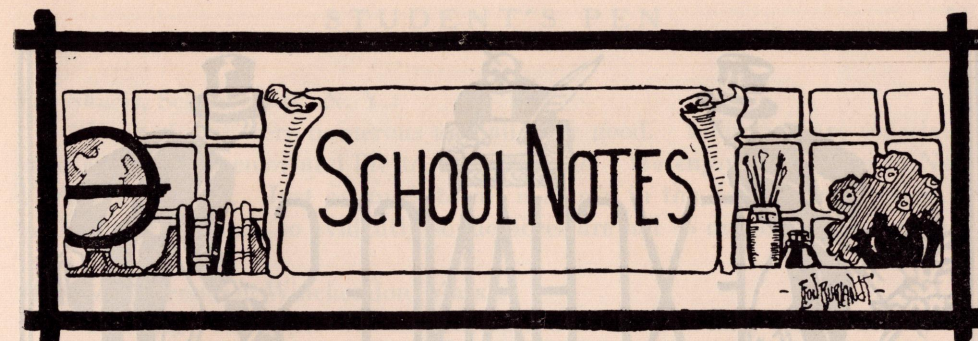
Vera Victoreen

Smoke

Floating high into the heavens,
 Wending there its airy way,
 Swirling,
 Whirling,
 Furling,
 Curling,
 Surging up to meet the day.

Fading quickly into the turquoise
 Of that lovely, distant dome,
 Searching in the endless cavern
 Until at last it is quite gone.

Helen Bump

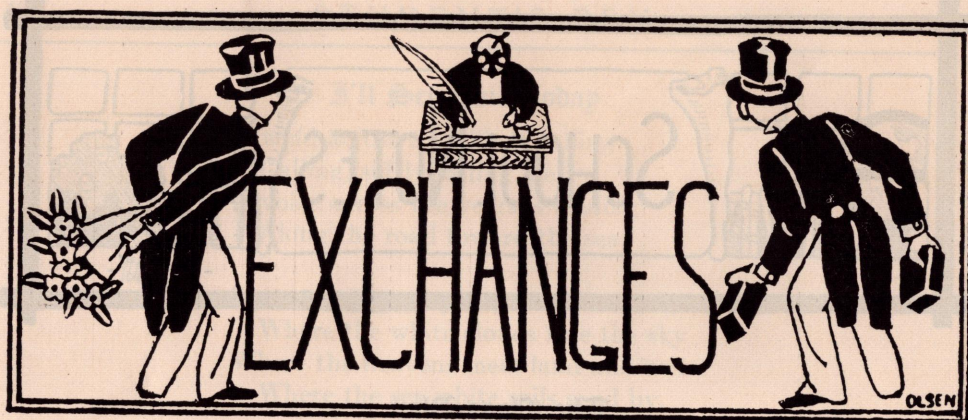
**The Class Play**

ON the twenty-third and fourth of May, Pittsfield High School witnessed one of its most successful senior plays, "The Arrival of Kitty." It was given at the Boy's Club Auditorium, as usual, and was presented with additional features between the acts, a thing which has never before been attempted, and which contributed highly to the presentation. The performers were: Hartwell Webber, who played on his accordian the "Barber of Seville" and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll", and James Cohn, who entertained with "Mean to Me" and "She's Funny that Way." Mr. Cohn also portrayed cleverly the part of "Sam", the colored porter.

The play itself deals with the unfortunate situation of Jane (Dorothy Corley) and Bobbie Baxter (Bill Nesbit), who are deeply in love, but who are thwarted by Jane's lucrative uncle, William Winkler (John Moore). Winkler desires to marry Jane to an unknown suitor, Benjamin Moore (Wilson Dunham) designated in her father's will. The uncle brings Jane and her Aunt Jane (Elizabeth Hollis) and Suzette, a maid, (Shirley Brown) to a mountain hotel, (the Halcyon House), for the marriage, only to find much to his chagrin, that Bobbie has selected the same hotel. Bobbie unwittingly stumbles upon incriminating evidence which involves Winkler and a notorious actress, Kitty Benders (Mariette Keegan), for whom Aunt Jane has an aversion, and decides to make use of it in forcing Winkler's consent to his marrying Jane. Winkler cleverly turns the tables upon him, making it seem that Bobbie is the culprit, whereupon Jane renounces him. With the aid of "Ting" (Sam Wood), an old college chum, who is bell-hop at the Halcyon House, he decides to impersonate Kitty Benders, the actress. He has had previous experience in this line at college, and thus he hopes to gain evidence against Winkler. In the meantime, Aunt Jane, who is in search of a man, promises Winkler ten thousand dollars if he will find her a husband. He sends for one from the matrimonial agency and, when Benjamin Moore arrives, mistakes him for the future husband of his sister. To add to the confusion, the real Kitty arrives, causing the unfortunate Winkler more unrest. The play, after several cases of mistaken identity, ends happily with Bobbie and Jane, Winkler and Kitty, and Benjamin Moore and Aunt Jane, more or less happily coupled.

Much credit for the success of the play is due to Mrs. Guy Jeter, our coach; Gordon Donaldson, stage manager; Vera Victoreen, prompter; Roger Nicholls, property manager; and Wayne Roberts, business manager.

Helen Bump



THE retiring exchange editor desires to thank all members of his staff for their hearty cooperation during the past year. Without their efforts carrying on the work of this department would have been very difficult if not impossible. So, if any success whatever has been attained by the Exchange Section, that result is due entirely to the constant exertions of all members.

"All the broadcasting stations around this section must be taking a vacation," remarked Dallava as we failed to arouse any noise from our radio set.

"Quite true," replied Wetstein, "but how about amateur stations? Perhaps we can obtain some activity from that source."

We immediately turned down to low wave lengths and commenced to receive dots and dashes in great order.

"Now, who knows any code?" questioned Shaw.

"I do," replied Wetstein, and then thinking of the work involved in deciphering the message added, "but I can't make them out at the rate of speed they are being received."

"But what difference does that make," said Shaw. "We can copy down the dots and dashes and let you decipher them later."

"Oh!" moaned Wetstein, sinking into a nearby chair, "I knew that I spoke out of turn."

You can imagine our pleasure when we found that the station was an Exchange Station sending out reports on the various school magazines that had been received.

After Wetstein had spent hours in puzzling out the messages, we had the following:

The Hi News, Ludlow, Mass:

"Judging from the contents of this magazine you must have an excellent school spirit. Your jokes are much better than the average which we receive. The following is typical."

Traffic Code in Scotland

Red Light: Shut off motor.

Yellow: Get out and crank.

Green: Go fast and save gas.

The Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.:

"Your stories were numerous and all very good. Your cuts are especially good as they add color and life to the magazine. We enjoyed "A Trip to New York" very much. Just as much talent is shown in the Sophomore Section as in the other sections, so evidently sophomores are not so dumb as they are said to be."

Murdock Murmursm Winchendon, Mass.:

"Reading your paper was like eating a dish of ice cream, that is to say we were extremely interested. The editorial and the literary departments were the spice of the book. Why not have some Alumni notes and a portion devoted to sport activities?"

The Cue, Albany, N. Y.:

"The cover of the April issue was decidedly out of proportion, and the literary section seemed to have fallen below par. The joke and athletic departments, however, were very good, as usual."

The Maroon and White, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"*The Maroon and White* is a very good magazine. The literary and poetry departments are especially well written. The great number of cuts also helps the appearance of the magazine."

The Haaren Beaver, New York City:

"The literary and poetry departments are both well written and interesting. However, the athletic department is too condensed and there is also a lack of cuts."

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.:

"Your cuts, athletic, and exchange departments are especially good. We are glad to see that a poetry section has been added. We liked "The Indian Arrow" very much."

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.:

"The literary department is very good, but we would like to see a special column for poetry. The portion devoted to athletics is exceptionally good."

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.:

"Your magazine is as a whole, most interesting. We enjoyed greatly the story, 'Another Lefty.' We think however, that longer exchange and joke departments would improve your magazine a great deal."

George Kenyon

We acknowledge the arrival of the following exchanges:

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.

The St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, Philadelphia, Penn.

The Distaff, Boston, Mass.

Papers:

The Green and Gray, Sheffield, Mass.

The Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.

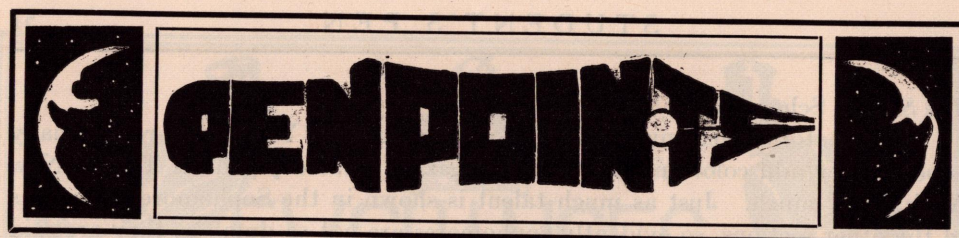
The Shrapnel, Alton, Ill.

The Clark News, Worcester, Mass.

The Owl, Hudson, N. Y.

Boston University News, Boston, Mass.

The Torch, Shenandoah, Penn.



You tell 'em graduate; you've senior days!

1st Senior: "Will your people be surprised when you graduate?"

Second Moron: "No, they've been expecting it for several years."

* * * *

Mr. Hennessy: "What do you know of the age of Elizabeth?"

"Socrates" Wetstein: "Sir, she will be seventeen in August."

* * * *

Bottoms: "Are you sure your parents know I am coming to dinner?"

Up: "They ought to. I've been arguing with them about it for the last hour."

* * * *

Ideal Short Story for Hurried Readers

Chapter 1

Andrew and Cecilia fell in love at first sight.

* * * *

Chapter 30

They were married and lived happily ever after.

* * * *

The End

* * * *

Miss Morris: "Do you know 'The Spell of the Yukon?'"

Kiligas: "Yes Ma'am: Y-u-k-o-n."

* * * *

The Main Street tourist was greatly impressed by the Coliseum at Rome.

"Boy, what a nifty stadium," he remarked. "Where's the college?"

* * * *

L. Hannum: "Now, boys, we'll give three cheers for the coach."

Scotch Player: "How would two do?"

* * * *

Outraged Proprietor: "What do you mean by ordering a dozen oysters, without a cent of money in your pocket?"

Sam Wood: "Well, I might find a pearl—maybe two."

* * * *

"Dopey" Dorfman says that a Scotchman's idea of an outing at the seashore is to put sand in the bathtub.

* * * *

Fair One: "Did you say that you are a track man?"

Joe Abrahms: "Am I? Why, I've got bruises all over my chest from breaking tapes!"

Mr. Herrick Puts In a Phone Call

"Operator, give me eleven times thirty-two minus six divided by five; add to it twice the original number and make it snappy."

* * * *

Teacher: "'Early to bed and early to rise', who said that?"

Johnny: "It musta been Willie. I saw him talking."

* * * *

Mr. Davenport: "What can I do to get this room in order?"

W. Roberts: "Offer prizes."

* * * *

It has always been a puzzle to us why all those big men like George Washington, Abe Lincoln, St. Patrick, and the rest of them have been born on a holiday.

* * * *

Annual French Joke

Un: "Qui etait cette dame que j'ai vu avec vous hier soir?"

Deux: "Elle n'etait pas une dame; c'etaitma femme."

* * * *

(All year we have been trying to get this joke in *The Pen*, and at last, with some omissions, it has been accepted).

H. K. Webber: "_____?"

Nick Zarvis: "_____."

* * * *

A Puzzle

A new regulation in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number of every car of coal.

One man, named Ole, having filled the 11 car, marked it with a number one, and after pondering awhile, let it go at that.

Another miner, happening along, noticed the mistake and called Ole's attention to it.

"Yes, I know," said Ole, "but I can't tank which side de odder one go on."

* * *

Gibson Newman: "What is spaghetti?"

Grace Mochrie: "A foreign entanglement."

* * *

M. Tobey: "What has become of the autograph album?"

J. Coffee: "It is now worn as a slicker"

* * *

P. H. S.—Dalton

H. Smith: "I can tell you the score of the game before it starts."

Mendel: "What is it?"

H. Smith: "Nothing to nothing—before it starts."

* * *

R. Newman: "Here's the manuscript I offered you last year."

V. Victoreen: "What's the idea of bringing that thing back when I rejected it once?"

R. Newman: "You've had a year's experience since then."



Everyday Problem No. 4

THIS problem deals with how to get the seniors out of school. Twice a year Mr. Strout faces a tremendous problem, that of getting the seniors out of school with the least possible damage to the school. A few suggestions are in order. Perhaps we might call in that jack of all trades, the janitor. He could be induced to make some automatic dumping arrangement to slide them out of the auditorium. Again, think of all the saving in diploma paper if they just locked the school up ahead of time so we would not be able to get in for graduation. Well, anyway, as long as they get us out, I don't care. This school is about ready for the junk heap after we leave, so it's goodbye and good luck to the poor infants who must remain.

Uncle Wiltsie

The Children's Column

NOW kiddies uncle wiltsie is going to tell you a nice fairy story about the high marks he used to get from mrs. bennett. You've heard that one? Well! well! i'll have to tell you the one about the perfect class then. Once there was a class in dear old p. h. s. that never had any trouble. they didn't have certain people always running the class and they didn't have a fight every time they wanted to do something and they weren't sore because so and so was put on ever committee in school and they paid all their class tax on time and they didn't scrap over who was to pay for this or that after the play and in short they were a perfect class. now go to sleep for the summer and I hope you get a new high school.

Uncle Wiltsie

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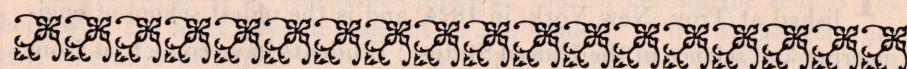
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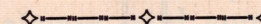
THIS is true no matter what the activity that you intend to follow. Preparation day is every day when you stop to think of it. No day is too late to begin and every day is too valuable to lose. For this, the biggest business of mankind, no one is too young or too old. Your day is now, right where you are in school.

Take a bit of time to think about yourself. Discover where your best ability seems to lie, and then invest some good hard work in preparation for putting it into practice. Memorize these words: PREPARATION and WORK. Make them characteristic of your every day activity.

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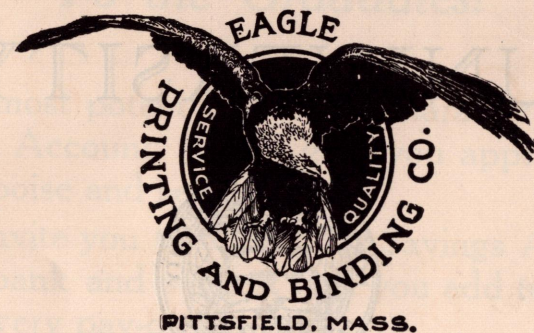
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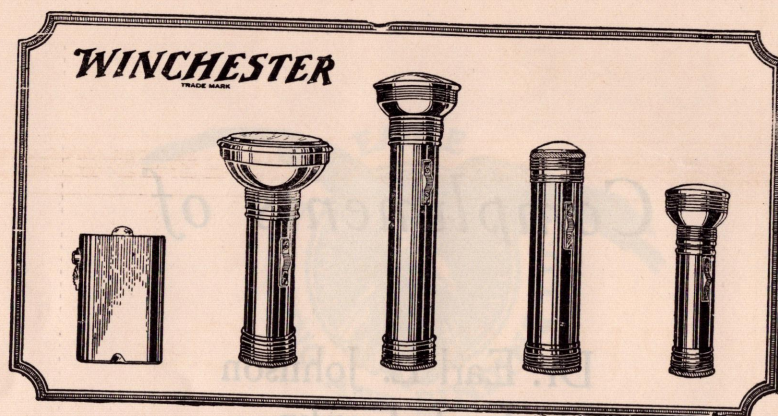
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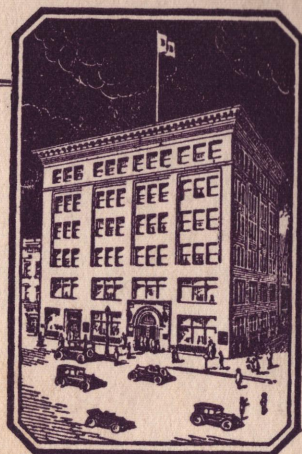
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To Get Rich Quickly

Here are some sure ways of making money:

Bet on a horse that you alone know is going to win. Buy a stock which is 'way down low today and will be up in the sky next week. Sell it just before it turns to go down. Engage in a lucrative business which has no competition. Find a million dollars that nobody claims. Buy a valuable oil lease from the government for a song when nobody is looking. Produce something that people want but never had thought of—then try and wake 'em up to the fact that they want it. Invent perpetual motion. Buy a cheap piece of land cheap and find a gold mine on it. Make the first non-stop voyage to Mars and join the movie stars. Discover a rich ancestor whose death left you heir to half of Canada.

If you don't like any of these ideas, put part of every dollar you earn in the savings bank and let it grow. The only difference between this way and the others is, you've a thousand more chances to win than lose.

—Savings Banker

Berkshire County
Savings Bank



THE STUDENT'S PEN

JUNE
1929

Autographs

*The Junior Class of P.H.S.
cordially invites*

Beatrice Small
to attend Prom on Jan. 15, 1932
in P.H.S. Gymnasium